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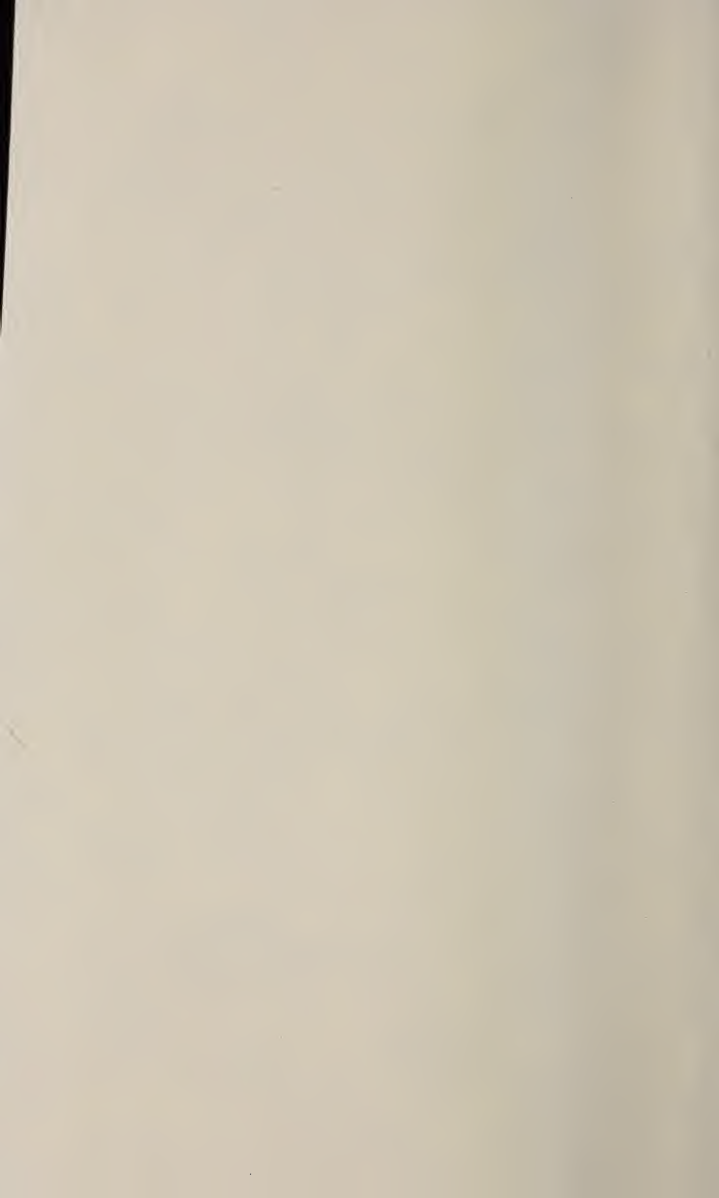
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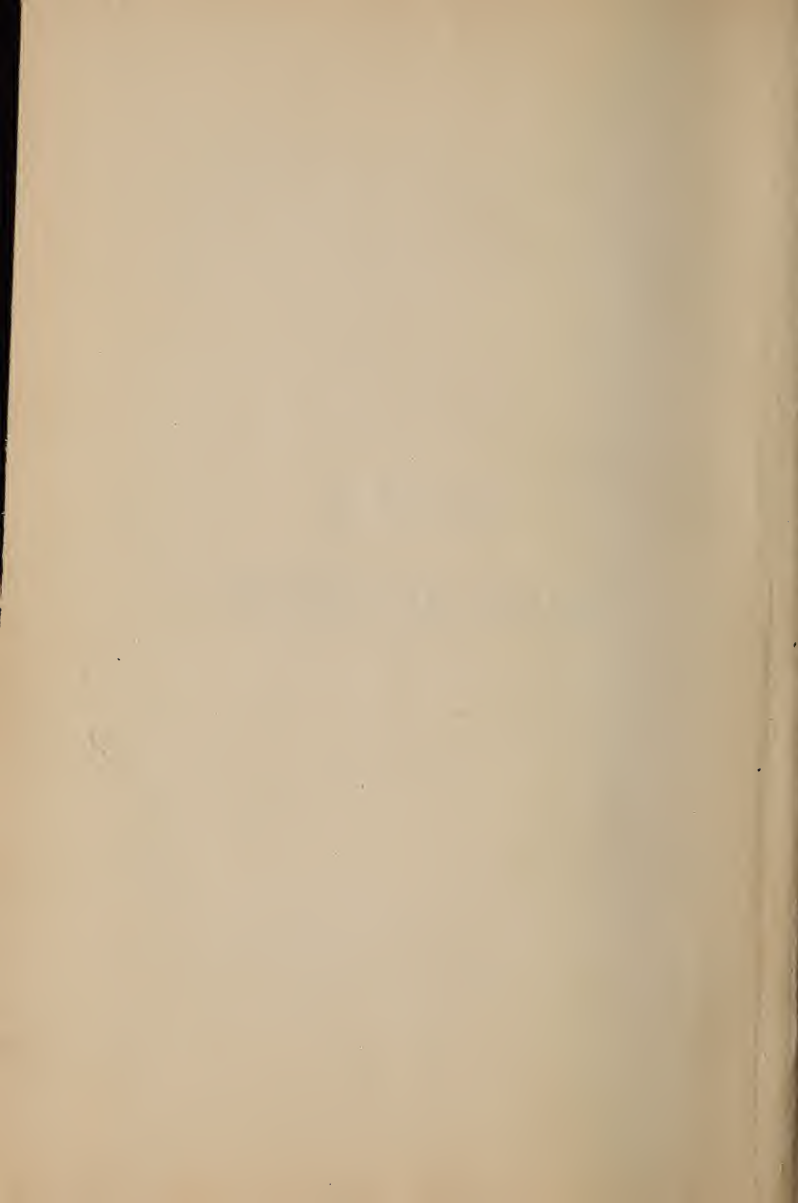
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HEINE'S
BOOK OF SONGS



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BOOK OF SONGS

Compiled from the Translations by

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

AND

EDGAR A. BOWRING, C.B.

Heinrich Heine



NEW YORK
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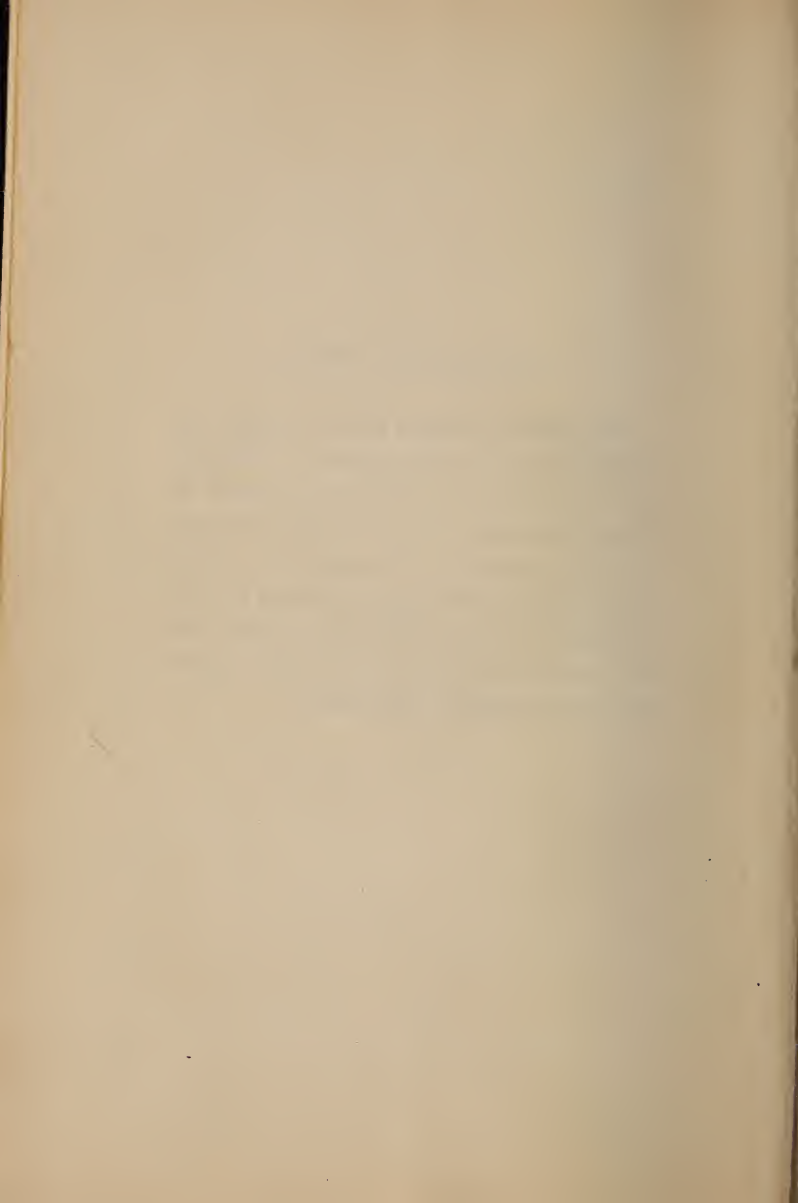
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

This edition of Heine's Book of Songs is an entirely new one in which appears the best work of two of the most accomplished translators of Heine's fascinating poetry, Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B., and Edgar A. Bowring, C. B. Poems almost equal in number have been chosen from the translations by each of these ; but wherever both have translated the same poem, the better rendering has been selected for this edition.



HEINRICH HEINE.

HEINRICH (or Henry) Heine was born in the Bolkerstrasse, at Dusseldorf, on the 12th of December, 1799; but, singularly enough, the exact date of his birth was, until recently, unknown to his biographers, who, on the authority of a saying of his own, assigned it to the 1st of January, 1800, which he boasted made him "the first man of the century." In reply, however, to a specific inquiry addressed to him by a friend on this subject a few years before his death, he stated that he was really born on the day first mentioned, and that the date of 1800 usually given by his biographers was the result of an error voluntarily committed by his family in his favor at the time of the Prussian invasion, in order to exempt him from the service of the King of Prussia.

By birth he was a Jew, both of his parents having been of that persuasion. He was the eldest of four children, and his two brothers are (or were recently) still alive, the one being a physician in Russia, and the other an officer in the Austrian service. The famous Solomon Heine, the banker of Hamburg, whose wealth was only equalled by his philanthropy, was his uncle. His father,

however, was far from being in opulent circumstances. When quite a child, he took delight in reading Don Quixote, and used to cry with anger at seeing how ill the heroism of that valiant knight was requited. He says somewhere, speaking of his boyish days, "apple tarts were then my passion. Now it is love, truth, freedom, and crab-soup." He received his earliest education at the Franciscan convent in his native town, and while there had the misfortune to be the innocent cause of the death by drowning of a schoolfellow, an incident recorded in one of the poems in his "Romancero." He mentions the great effect produced upon him by the sorrowful face of a large wooden Christ which was constantly before his eyes in the Convent. Even at that early age the germs of what has been called "his fantastic sensibility, the food for infinite irony," seem to have been developing themselves. A visit of the Emperor Napoleon to Dusseldorf when he was a boy affected him in a singular manner, and had probably much to do with the formation of those imperialist tendencies which are often to be noticed in his character and writings. He was next placed in the Lyceum of Dusseldorf, and in 1816 was sent to Hamburg to study commerce, being intended for mercantile pursuits. In 1819 he was removed to the University at Bonn, which had been founded in the previous year, and there he had the advantage of studying under Augustus Schlegel. He seems, however, to have remained there only six months, and to have then gone to the University of Göttingen, where, as he tells us, he was rusticated soon after matriculation. He next took up his abode at Berlin, where he applied himself to the study of philosophy, under the direction of

the great Hegel, whose influence, combined with that of the works of Spinoza, undoubtedly had much to do with the formation of Heine's mind, and also determined his future career. From this time we hear no more of his turning merchant; and it is from the date of his residence at Berlin that we may date the rise of that spirit of universal indifference and reckless daring that so strongly characterizes the writings of Heine. Among his associates at this period may be mentioned, in addition to Hegel, Chamisso, Varnhagen von Ense and his well-known wife Rachel, Bopp the philologist, and Grabbe, the eccentricities of whose works were only equalled by the eccentricities of his life.

Heine's first volume of poetry, entitled "Gedichte," or Poems, was published in 1822, the poems being those which, under the name of "Youthful Sorrows," now form the opening of his "Book of Songs." Notwithstanding the extraordinary success afterward obtained by this latter work, his first publication was very coldly received. Some of the poems in it were written as far back as 1817,* and originally appeared in the Hamburg periodical *Der Wachter*, or *Watchman*. Offended at this result, he left Berlin and returned to Göttingen in 1823, where he took to studying law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825. He was baptized into the Lutheran Church in the same year, at Heiligenstadt, near that place. He

* One of the finest in the collection, "The Grenadiers," which is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Béranger, was written as early as 1815, when Heine was not sixteen years old, and before Béranger had written his analogous poems "Le Vieux Drapeau," "Le Vieux Sergent," etc.

afterward said jocularly that he took this course to prevent M. de Rothschild treating him too *fa-millionairely*. It is to be feared, however, from the tone of all his works, that his nominal religious opinions sat very lightly upon him through life. He writes as follows on this subject in 1852: "My ancestors belong to the Jewish religion, but I was never proud of this descent; neither did I ever set store upon my quality of Lutheran, although I belong to the evangelical confession quite as much as the greatest devotees among my Berlin enemies, who always reproached me with a want of religion. I rather felt humiliated at passing for a purely human creature—I whom the philosophy of Hegel led to suppose that I was a god. How proud I then was of my divinity! What an idea I had of my grandeur! Alas! that charming time has long passed away, and I cannot think of it without sadness, now that I am lying stretched on my back, while my disease is making terrible progress."

Previous to this date, and while living at Berlin, Heine published (in 1823) his only two plays, "Almanzor" and "Ratcliff," which were equally unsuccessful on the stage and in print, and which are certainly the least worthy of all his works. Between these two plays he inserted a collection of poetry entitled "Lyrical Interlude," which attracted little attention at the time. In the year 1827, however, he republished this collection at Hamburg, in conjunction with his "Youthful Sorrows," giving to the whole the title of the "Book of Songs." In proportion to the indifference with which his poems had been received on their first appearance, was the enthusiasm which they now excited. They were

read with avidity in every direction, especially in the various universities, where their influence upon the minds of the students was very great. In the year 1852, this work had reached the tenth edition.

Heine's next great work, his "Reisebilder," or Pictures of Travel, written partly in poetry and partly in prose, was published at Hamburg at various intervals from 1826 to 1831, and, as its name implies, is descriptive of his travels in different countries, especially in England and Italy. The poetical portion of the "Reisebilder," the whole of which is translated into English, is divided into three parts—"The Return Home," the "Hartz-Journey," and "The Baltic," written between 1823 and 1826. This work again met with an almost unprecedented success, and from the date of its publication and that of the "Book of Songs," may be reckoned the commencement of a new era in German literature. These remarkable poems exhibit the whole nature of Heine, free from all disguise. The striking originality, the exuberance of fancy, and, above all, the singular beauty and feeling of the versification that characterize nearly the whole of them, stand out in as yet unheard-of contrast to the intense and bitter irony that pervades them—an irony that spared nobody, that spared nothing, not even the most sacred subjects being exempt from the poet's mocking sarcasm. This characteristic of Heine only increased as years passed on. In the later years of his life, which were one long-continued agony, his bodily sufferings offer some excuse, it may be, for what would otherwise have been inexcusable in the writings of a great poet. There was doubtless much affec-

tation in the want of all religious and political faith that is so signally apparent in the works of Heine, and yet they betray a real bitterness of feeling that cannot be mistaken. At every page may be traced the malicious pleasure felt by him in exciting the sympathy and admiration of the reader to the highest pitch, and then with a few words—with the last line or the last verse of a long poem, it may be—rudely insulting them, and dashing them to the ground. No better parody of this favorite amusement of Heine can be given than by citing two well-known verses of Dr. Johnson :

“ Hermit old in mossy cell,
Wearing out life’s evening gray,
Strike thy pensive breast, and tell
Where is bliss, and which the way ?”

Thus I spake, and frequent sigh’d,
Scarce repress’d the falling tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
“ Come, my lad, and drink some beer !”

The exuberance of Heine’s heart, as has been well said, was only equalled by the dryness of his spirit ; a real enthusiasm was blended with an unquenchable love of satire ; “ his exquisite diletanteism made him adore the gods and goddesses of Greece at the expense even of Christianity.” In short, qualities scarcely ever found in combination were combined in him ; in one weak, suffering body two distinct and opposite natures, each equally mighty, were united. Perhaps the best name ever applied to him is that of the “ Julian of poetry.”

The French Revolution in 1830 determined Heine’s future life. He was then living at Berlin again, after having resided at Hamburg and

Munich. He now turned politician and newspaper writer. His Essay on Nobility was written at this time. He presently (in May, 1831) went to live in Paris, where he resided until his death, with the exception of making one or two short visits to his native land. Though the fact is not exactly stated, there can be no doubt that he received some very broad hints from the authorities of Prussia to leave that country. From that time, France became his adopted fatherland, and he himself was thenceforward more of a Frenchman than a German. The Germans have indeed always reproached him as being frivolous and French; he has often been called the Voltaire of Germany; but Thiers perhaps described him the most accurately when he spoke of him as being "the wittiest *Frenchman* since Voltaire." He wrote French as fluently as German; and the translations of his various works that were published in Paris in the *Revue des deux Mondes* and the *Bibliothèque Contemporaine*, or as separate works, were either written by himself, or by his personal friends under his own immediate superintendence.

Some of his more important prose works were written soon after he took up his abode in Paris. He wrote, in 1831, a series of articles for the *Augsburg Gazette* on the State of France, which he subsequently collected and published both in French and German. In 1833 appeared his well-known "History of Modern Literature in Germany," republished afterward under the title of "The Romantic School," and in French under that of "L'Allemagne." This may be looked upon as his most remarkable prose work, and as the one that most exhibits his characteristic pecu-

liarities. The following lively description of it is from the pen of an eminent French critic: "According to M. Heine, the whole of the intellectual movement of Germany since Lessing and Kant has been a death-struggle against Deism. This struggle he describes with passion, and it may be said that he heads it in person. He ranges his army in order of battle, he gives the signals, and marches the Titans against heaven—Kant, Fichte, Hegel, all those formidable spirits whose every thought is a victory, whose every formula is a cosmogonic *bouleversement*. Around them, in front or behind, are grouped a crowd of writers, theologians and poets, romance writers and savans. If one of the combatants stops short, like Schelling, the author overwhelms him with invectives. If a timid and poetic band of dreamers, such as Tieck, Novalis, Brentano, and Arnim, try to bring back this feverish Germany to the fresh poetry of the middle ages, he throws himself upon them and disperses them, like those Cobolds in the 'Book of Songs' who overthrew the angels of paradise. And when the philosophical conflict is over, he predicts its consequences with a sort of savage delirium. . . . He compares Kant to the bloodthirsty dictators of '93, and proclaims the gospel of pantheism. His theory of the intellectual history of the Germans is altogether false, and should only be consulted as an illustration—alas, too positive!—of the fever at once mystical and sensual of a certain period of our age." This book produced a perfect storm of fury in Germany. "Denounced by Menzel and the pietists as an emissary of Modern Babylon, cursed by the austere *teutomaniacs* as a representative of Parisian cor-

ruption, Heine was not the less suspected by the democrats, who accused him of treason. To this was added official persecution."

Proceeding to his next work, the publication of his "Salon," consisting of an interesting series of essays, etc., commenced at Hamburg in 1834, its fourth and last volume not appearing till 1840. A long essay on the Women of Shakespeare appeared in 1839, and in 1840 a violent personal attack on his old friend, the republican poet Börne, then only recently dead—a work which, with all its talent, did great injury to his reputation. His remaining great prose work, entitled "Lutezia," or Paris, consists of a collection of valuable articles on French politics, arts, and manners, written by him as the correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* between 1840 and 1844. The only other writings of his in prose that need be specified, entitled respectively "Confessions," "Dr. Faust," and the "Gods in Exile," were written a few years before his death.

After the publication of the "Reisebilder," Heine's next poetical production was the charming poem of "Atta Troll," which appeared in 1841, written in a simple trochaic metre—"four-footed solemn trochees," as he himself expresses it. This poem has been described as the work of a German Ariosto, combining gayety and poetry, irony and imagination in perfect proportions. Much worldly wisdom is to be learned from the instructive history of Atta Troll, the dancing bear of the Pyrenees. The striking interlude in it of the vision of Herodias among the spirit huntsmen should not be overlooked.

The marriage of Heine seems to have taken place at about this period. His wife, who is

often spoken of in his poems in terms of deep affection, and whose name was Mathilde, was a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic, and they were married according to the rites of that church. With all his love for Madame Heine, however, he seems to have been very jealous of her, and it is recorded that on one occasion he took it into his head that she had run away from him. He was reassured by hearing the voice of her favorite parrot "Cocotte," which led him to say, that she would never have gone off without taking "Cocotte" with her. In spite of the bitterness of spirit that pervades all his writings, it is clear that he possessed deep natural affections. His mother survived him; and though almost entirely separated from her for the last twenty-five years of his life, he often introduces her name in his works with expressions of filial reverence. His last visit to Germany in the winter of 1843 seems to have been for the special purpose of visiting her at Hamburg, where she resided. His friends fancied that the "old woman at the Damthor" (one of the gates of Hamburg), of whom he used to speak, was a myth, but she was no other than his mother. Nothing can be more charming than the manner in which he speaks of both her and his wife in the beautiful little poem called "Night Thoughts." (See page 221.)

In 1844 he published a fresh collection of poems under the title of "New Poems," to which was added as an appendix "Germany, a Winter Tale." The former of these was subsequently added by him to his "Book of Songs," and will be found in its place accordingly in the present volume, as well as his "New Spring," which

formed a part of the same work. The "Germany" is one of his most remarkable works, and contains an account of his journey to Hamburg the previous winter to see his mother that has just been referred to. None of his productions are more thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of satire. Every stage of his journey, from its commencement at the Prussian frontier, to its termination at Hamburg, gives occasion for the display of his wit and sarcastic raillery. It will be seen that many of the passages in the poem were struck out of the original edition by the official Censors. Perhaps the most amusing portions are the episode of the author's adventures in the Cavern of Kyffhauser with the famous Emperor Barbarossa (not omitting their little conversation respecting the guillotine), and the rencontre with the Goddess Hammonia in the streets of Hamburg, and his subsequent tête-à-tête with her. The extravagance (slightly coarse it must be confessed) of the latter scene is quite worthy of Rabelais, though the poet takes care to tell us that it is intended to imitate Aristophanes. The remonstrances to the King of Prussia, with which the poem concludes, should also not be passed over.

In the year 1848, after a premonitory attack in 1847 that passed away, that terrible disease which eventually destroyed Heine's life, first assailed him in an aggravated form. Commencing with a paralysis of the left eyelid, it extended presently to both eyes and finally terminated in paralysis and atrophy of the legs. The last time he ever left his house was in May, 1848. For eight long years he was confined to his couch, to use his own expression, in a state of "death

without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write." But despite his bodily sufferings, his good spirits never seemed to leave him, his love of raillery did but increase, and little did that public whose interest he continued to excite by the wonderful products of his genius know of his distressing state.

In the years 1850 and 1851, in the midst of his fearful malady, Heine composed his last great poetical work entitled "Romancero." This singular volume is divided into three Books, called respectively "Histories," "Lamentations," and "Hebrew Melodies." The first of these contains a large number of romantic ballads and poems of the most dissimilar character, but all bearing the stamp of the author's peculiar genius; the second opens with several miscellaneous pieces, including some literary satires, and concludes with twenty pieces bearing the lively title of "Lazarus," and comprising, as some one has observed, the journal of his impressions as a sick man. The "Hebrew Melodies" are subdivided into three, entitled by Heine "Princess Sabbath," "Jehuda ben Halevy," a poem itself in three parts, and "Disputation." The Jewish descent and Jewish sympathies of the poet are plainly discernible in these Melodies, the most interesting of which, and probably the best of the whole collection, contained in the "Romancero," is that which sets forth the life of Jehuda ben Halevy, the great Hebrew poet of the middle ages. Some critics rank this poem among Heine's very best productions. The concluding piece, "Disputation," is in Heine's wildest style, and seems written for the express purpose of destroying the

pleasure excited by the one that precedes it. In none of his works is his mocking spirit more plainly discernible. "It is the most Voltairian scene ever imagined by the sceptical demon of his mind." No one can read this polemical poem without seeing how little Heine himself cared for any received form of religion—for the Christian faith as professed by him, or the Jewish faith into which he was born. The piece terminates in Heine's favorite manner, namely, with an unexpected joke in the last line.

The collection entitled "Latest Poems" was written three years afterward. Its name shows that the end was now not far off. The hand of a master is still visible in all these poems, the most interesting of which is perhaps the "Slave Ship," one of the most powerful productions of Heine's pen. In the year 1855, he published a French translation of his "New Spring" in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. And now the end really arrived.

On the 17th February, 1856, Henry Heine was at length released from his sufferings in his house in the Avenue Matignon, No. 3, as appears from the obituary notice. The smallness of the attendance at his funeral would seem to show that there was some truth in the saying that he had many admirers but few friends. The only names of note that are recorded as having been present on the occasion are Mignet, Gautier, and Dumas. And this was the man who was recognized as the successor of Goethe in the throne of poetry in Germany, and whose songs were already household words in all parts of that country! His humor did not leave him till the very last. A few days before his death Hector Berlioz called on him just as a tiresome German professor was leaving the room after

wearying him with his uninteresting conversation. "I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow! The fact is, I have just been *exchanging thoughts* with Dr.——," was his remark. Only a day or two before he expired, he sent back to the printer the last proofs of a new edition of the "Reisebilder."

Heine left a singular will behind him, in which he begged that all religious solemnities should be dispensed with at his funeral, and that, although he called himself a Lutheran, no Lutheran minister should officiate on the occasion. He added that this was not a mere freak of a freethinker, for that he had for the last four years dismissed all the pride with which philosophy had filled him, and felt once more the power of religious truth. He also begged for forgiveness for any offence which, in his ignorance, he might have given to good manners and morals.

When the private papers of Louis Philippe fell into the hands of the populace at the sack of the Tuileries in February, 1848, it was discovered that Heine had for many years enjoyed a pension of some 200*l.* a year on the Civil List. This discovery gave an opening to the republicans for violent attacks on him; but there does not appear to have been anything in the circumstances of the case to make this transaction discreditable to either the giver or the receiver of the pension.

Heine is described as having lived in the simplest manner, occupying three small rooms on the third floor, the *ménage* comprising, in addition to his wife and himself, no one but an old negress as a servant, and "Cocotte," who has been already alluded to.

Heine is beyond question the greatest poet

that has appeared in Germany since the death of Goethe. Enough has been said in the course of this brief sketch of his life to show the singular, the unprecedented character of his genius, and to illustrate that combination in his person of two separate natures that we have stated to exist. What more touching trait of character was ever heard of than the simple fact that although the last eight years of his life were spent in a state of intolerable agony, he left his mother in ignorance of his sufferings to the very last? Yes, when stricken with total blindness, and when dying literally by inches, all his letters to the "old woman at the Dammthor" were written in the most cheerful, happy tone, and he made her believe that his only reason for employing an amanuensis instead of writing with his own hand was that he had a slight affection in his eyes, which would be cured with a little care!

The following appreciation of the character of Heine, written while he was still alive, but when the shades of darkness and death were slowly gathering round him, may serve as a fitting termination to these few pages: "It may be said that Heine bears within him all the misery of a mighty literature that has fallen from his ideal. Let this be his excuse. But now his eyes are closing on this perishable world, whose contradictions and wretchedness provoked his painful gayety; another world is opening on his mind. There, no more misery, no more irritating contrasts, no more revolting disenchantments; there, all problems are resolved, all struggles cease. If irony, in the case of a capricious and ardent intelligence, could be the faithful mirror of things below, there is no room save for confidence and

respect in that spiritual world that his soul's looks are fast discovering. He sought for serenity in that light raillery which enveloped the whole universe, and played his part in it with grace ; but this serenity was incomplete and false, and often suffered his ill-cured sorrows to break forth. True serenity is a higher thing ; it is to be found in the intelligence and adoration of that ideal which nothing can affect, that truth which no shadow can obscure." And so with these words of kindly sympathy, Heinrich Heine. —farewell !

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION OF THE BOOK OF SONGS.

It is the fairy forest old,
With lime-tree blossoms scented !
The moonshine had with its mystic light
My soul and sense enchanted.

On, on I roamed, and, as I went,
Sweet music o'er me rose there ;
It is the nightingale—she sings
Of love and lovers' woes there.

She sings of love and lovers' woes,
Hearts blest, and hearts forsaken ;
So glad is her mirth, so sad her sob,
Dreams long forgot awaken.

Still on I roamed, and, as I went,
I saw before me louring
On a great wide lawn a stately pile,
With gables peaked and towering.

Closed were its windows, everywhere
A hush, a gloom past telling ;
It seemed as though silent Death within
These empty halls were dwelling.

A Sphinx lay there before the door,
Half-brutish and half-human,
A lioness in trunk and claws,
In head and breasts a woman.

A lovely woman ! The pale cheek
Spoke of desires that wasted ;
The hush'd lips curved into a smile
That woo'd them to be tasted.

The nightingale so sweetly sang,
I yielded to their wooing ;
And as I kissed that winning face,
I seal'd my own undoing.

The marble image thrilled with life,
The stone began to quiver :
She drank my kisses' burning flame
With fierce convulsive shiver.

She almost drank my breath away ;
And, to her passion bending,
She clasped me close, with her lion claws
My hapless body rending.

Delicious torture, rapturous pang !
The pain, the bliss, unbounded !
Her lips, their kiss was heaven to me-
Her claws, oh, how they wounded !

The nightingale sang : " O beauteous Sphinx !
O love, love ! say, why this is,
That with the anguish of death itself
Thou minglest all thy blisses ?

“O beauteous Sphinx, oh answer me,
 That riddle strange unloosing !
 For many, many thousand years
 Have I been on it musing !”

* * * * * *

All this I might have said very well in good prose. . . . But if one reads his old poems through again, to give them, in view of a new edition, some polishing touches, one is somehow surprised into the old melodious habit of rhyme and cadence, and lo ! the verses, with which I introduce this third edition of “The Book of Songs.” O Phœbus Apollo ! if these verses are bad, thou wilt readily forgive me. . . . For thou art an omniscient God, and thou knowest very well why I have been for so many years unable to occupy myself with metre and the clink of rhyme. . . . Thou knowest why the flame, which once enraptured the world with a brilliant display of fireworks, was suddenly diverted perforce to much more serious conflagrations. . . . Thou knowest why it is now gnawing my heart away with a silent heat. . . . Thou, O great and beauteous God, dost understand me—thou who, upon occasion, dost exchange the golden lyre for the sturdy bow and the deadly arrows. . . . Dost thou still remember, too, that Marsyas, whom thou didst flay alive ? That was a long time back, and a similar example might be again needed. . . . Thou smilest, O mine everlasting father !

Written at Paris, the 20th February, 1839.

HEINRICH HEINE.



YOUTHFUL SORROWS.

1817-1821.

I. VISIONS.

I.

I HAVE had dreams of wild love wildly nursed,
Of myrtles, mignonette, and silken tresses,
Of lips, whose blames belie the kiss that blesses,
Of dirge-like songs to dirge-like airs rehearsed.

My dreams have paled and faded long ago,
Faded the very form they most adored,
Nothing is left me but what once I poured
Into pathetic verse with feverish glow.

Thou, orphan'd song, art left. Do thou, too,
fade!

Go, seek that vision'd form long lost in night,
And say from me—if you upon it light—
With airy breath I greet that airy shade!

2.

A DREAM, that eerie was to see,
Delighted, then affrighted me.
Its gruesome sights still haunt mine eyes,
And shake my heart with wild surmise.

There was a garden wondrous fair ;
Great joy had I in roaming there :
Fair flowers a-many looked at me,
Well pleased was I as man might be.

The little birds from boughs above
Piped many sprightly songs of love ;
The sun was red, and rimmed with gold ;
The flowers had bright hues manifold.

Sweet odors floated everywhere,
The breezes soft and wooing were ;
And all was lustrous, all was gay,
And wore its bravest, best array.

Within that flowery haunt, I ween,
A fountain stood of marble sheen ;
And of a fair girl I was 'ware,
That washed a milk-white vestment there.

Her eyes were soft, her cheeks were sleek,
A saint-like thing, fair-hair'd and meek ;
And as I gazed, oh rare to tell,
Though strange, methought I knew her well !

That rare pale maid, her task she plies,
And croons a chant in wondrous wise :
" Flow on, fountain ! fountain, flow !
Wash me the linen white as snow !"

Then up to her I took my way,
And whispered low, " Oh tell me, pray,
Thou maiden all so wondrous bright,
For whom it is, this web so white ?"

Then swift she spoke, " Doom follows fleet.
This web, it is thy winding-sheet."

And ere the words she well had spoke,
The whole scene faded off like smoke.

And straight by magic sleight I stood
Within a wild and darksome wood :
The trees shot up into the sky,
Bemazed and wonder-struck was I.

And hark ! A dull, dead sound, as though
An axe far off struck blow on blow !
Through bush and brake I speed apace,
And reach at length an open space.

Full in the midst, turf'd round with green,
An oak, a mighty oak, was seen ;
And lo ! that maiden weird, she hacks
And hews its trunk with whirling axe !

Stroke falls on stroke, nor stop nor stay,
She swings the axe, and croons this lay :
“ Good steel sturdy, good steel fine,
Shape me, and quickly, an oaken shrine !”

Then up to her I took my way,
And whispered low, “ Oh tell me, pray,
Thou maiden wondrous fair to see,
For whom this oaken shrine may be ?”

Then swift she spoke, “ The hours are few :
It is thy coffin that I hew !”
And ere the words she well had spoke,
The whole scene faded off like smoke.

It stretched so far, it stretched so bare,
All waste, all barren everywhere ;
How it befell I never knew,
There I was standing all agrue.

And gazing far ahead, I note
 A streak of white before me float.
 I ran to it, ran, stopped, and lo!
 That rare pale maid again I know.

There spade in hand, on that wide waste,
 She dug the earth deep, dug with haste;
 To look at her I scarce did dare,
 She was so gruesome, yet so fair.

And swiftly still her spade she plies,
 And croons a chant in wondrous wise;
 "Sharp spade, stout spade, shovel and sweep,
 Shovel a pit that is wide and deep!"

Then up to her I took my way,
 And whispered low, "Oh tell me, pray,
 Thou maiden sweet of wondrous sheen,
 What may this pit thou diggest mean?"

Then swift she spoke, "Content thee! See,
 A cool grave I have dug for thee!"
 And even as the words she said,
 The pit she dug wide open spread.

And as I looked into the pit,
 I shuddered as with an ague-fit,
 And down, as smit by sudden stroke,
 I tumbled headlong!—and awoke!

3.

ONE night—'twas in a dream—myself I spied
 In black dress coat, silk waistcoat, ruffles round
 My wrists, as I were for a wedding bound;
 And my love stood before me, tender-eyed.

I made a bow to her, and said, "The bride?
 Oh, I congratulate you!" Forth they wound
 These words of mine, slow, icy-chill—a sound
 As though my throat choked, and my tongue
 were tied.

Then all at once gushed bitter tear on tear.
 From my love's eyes, and in that stormy dew
 Her image sweet did wellnigh disappear.
 O sweetest eyes, dear stars of love! though ye,
 Waking, oft played me false, and dreaming too,
 To trust you still how ready would I be!

4.

I SAW in dream a dapper mannikin
 That walked on stilts, each stride an ell or
 more;
 White linen and a dainty dress he wore,
 But it was coarse and smirched and stained
 within.

All inwardly was mean and poor and thin,
 Yet with a stately seeming lackered o'er;
 His words were full of bluster, and he bore
 Himself like one well used to fight and win.
 "And know'st thou who he is? Come, look and
 guess!"

So spake the God of Dreams, and showed me
 then

Within a glass a billowy multitude.
 The mannikin before an altar stood,
 My love beside him: both of them said "Yes!"
 And countless fiends laughed loud and cried
 "Amen!"

5.

WHY stirs and chafes my madden'd blood?
 Why burns my heart in furious mood?

My blood fast boils, and foams and fumes,
And passion fierce my heart consumes.

My mad blood boils in foaming stream,
Because I've dreamt an evil dream :
Night's gloomy son appear'd one day,
And bore me in his arms away.

To a bright house soon brought he me,
Where sounded harp and revelry,
And torches gleam'd and tapers shone—
The hall I entered then alone.

I saw a merry wedding feast,
The glad guests round the table press'd ;
And when the bridal pair I spied,
O woe ! my mistress was the bride.

There was my love, and strange to say,
A stranger claim'd her hand to-day.
Then close behind her chair of honor
I silent stood and gazed upon her.

The music sounded—still I stood ;
Their joy but swell'd my mournful mood ;
The bride she looked so highly blest,
Her hand the while the bridegroom press'd.

The bridegroom next fill'd full his cup,
And from it drank, then gave it up
Unto the bride ; she smiled a thank ;
O woe ! my red blood 'twas she drank.

The bride a rosy apple took,
And gave it him with smiling look ;
He took his knife, and cut a part ;
O woe ! it was indeed my heart.

They lovingly each other eyed,
The bridegroom boldly clasp'd the bride,
And kissed her on her cheeks so red ;
O woe ! cold death kiss'd me instead.

Like lead my tongue within me lay,
Vainly I strove one word to say ;
A noise was heard—the dance began,
The bridal pair were in the van.

Whilst I stood rooted to the ground,
The dancers nimbly whirl'd around ;
The bridegroom spoke a whisper'd word—
She blush'd, well pleased with what she heard

6.

IN blissful dream, in silent night,
There came to me, with magic might,
With magic might, my own sweet love,
Into my little room above.

I gazed upon the darling child,
I gazed, and she all-gently smiled,
And smiled until my heart swell'd high,
When stormlike daring words breath'd I :

“ Take, take thou everything that's mine,
My All will I to thee resign,
If I may be thy paramour
From midnight till the morning hour.”

Then on me gazed the beauteous maid,
With looks that inward strife betray'd,
So sweet, so sad, while thus she said :
“ Give me thy hope of heaven instead !”

“ My life so sweet, my youthful blood,
 I'll give with cheerful joyous mood,
 For thee, O maiden angel-fair,—
 But hope of heaven hereafter—ne'er !”

My daring speech flowed readily,
 Yet ever fairer blossom'd she,
 And still the beauteous maiden said,
 “ Give me thy hope of heaven instead !”

These words fell on me heavily,
 Then rush'd, like some fierce flowing sea,
 Down to my spirit's depth most deep—
 I scarce had power my breath to keep.

There came a band of angels white,
 Graced with a golden halo bright,
 But wildly follow'd in their track
 A grisly train of goblins black.

They wrestled with the angels white,
 And drove away those angels bright,
 And then the gloomy squadron too
 Melted like morning mist from view.—

Fain had I died of rapture there,
 My arms upheld my maiden fair ;
 She nestled near me like a roe,
 But also wept with bitter woe.

Sweet maiden wept ; well knew I why,
 Her rosy mouth to peace kiss'd I :
 “ O still, sweet love, that tearful flood,
 Surrender to my loving mood !

“ Surrender to my loving mood !”—
 When sudden froze to ice my blood ;

The earth beneath me groan'd and sigh'd,
A yawning chasm open'd wide.

And from the chasm's gloomy veil
Rose the black troop—sweet love turn'd pale ;
My arms were of sweet love bereft,
And I in solitude was left.

The gloomy troop around me danced
In wondrous circle, then advanced,
And seized and bore me to the ground,
While scornful laughter rose around.

And still the circle narrower grew,
And ever humm'd the fearful crew :
Thy hope of heaven was pledg'd by thee,
“ Thou'rt ours for all eternity !”

7.

THOU now hast the money—why longer delay ?
Thou dark scowling fellow, why lingering stay ?
I sit in my chamber, and patiently wait,
And midnight is near, but the bride is still late.

From the churchyard the shuddering breezes
arise ;—

Ye breezes, O say, has my bride met your eyes ?
Pale demons come round me, and hard on me
press,
Make courtesies with grinning, and nod their “ O
yes !”

Quick, tell me the message you're coming about,
Black villain, in liv'ry of fire trick'd out !
My mistress sends word that she soon will be
here ;
In a car drawn by dragons she'll shortly appear.

Dear gray little man, say, what would'st thou to-day ?

Dead master of mine, what's thy business, pray ?
He gazes upon me with mute, mournful mien,
Shakes his head, turns away, and no longer is seen.

His tail wags the shaggy old dog, and he whines ;
All brightly the eye of the black tom-cat shines ;
The women are howling with long flowing hair—
Why sings my old nurse my old cradle-song there ?

Old nurse stops at home, to her song to attend,
The eiapopeia is long at an end ;
To day I am keeping my gay wedding feast ;
Only watch the arrival of each gallant guest !

Only watch them ! Good sirs, how polite is your band !

Ye carry your heads, 'stead of hats, in your hand ;
With your clattering bones, and like gallows-birds dress'd,

Why arrive here so late, when the wind is at rest ?

The old witch on her broomstick comes galloping on :

Ah, bless me, good mother, I'm really thy son.
The mouth in her pale face beginning to twitch,
" Forever, amen," soon replies the old witch.

Twelve wither'd musicians come creeping along,
The limping blind fiddler is seen in the throng ;
Jackpudding dress'd out in his motley array,
On the gravedigger's back is grinacing away.

With dancing twelve nuns from the convent advance,

The leering old procuress leading the dance ;

Twelve merry young priests follow close in their
train,
And sing their lewd songs in a church-going
strain.

Till you're black in the face, good old clothesman,
don't yell,
Your fur-coat will nothing avail you in hell ;
'Tis heated for naught all the year with odd
things—
'Stead of wood, with the bones of dead beggars
and kings.

The girls with the flowers seem'd hunchback'd
and bent,
Tumbling head over heels in the room as they
went ;
With your faces like owls, and a grasshopper's
leg,
That rattling of bones discontinue, I beg.

The squadrons of hell all appear in their shrouds,
And bustle and hustle in fast-swelling crowds ;
The waltz of damnation resounds in the ear—
Hush, hush ! my sweet love is at length drawing
near.

Now, rabble, be quiet, or get you away !
I scarcely can hear e'en one word that I say ;
Hark ! Is't not the sound of a chariot at hand ?
Quick, open the door ! Why thus loitering stand ?

Thou art welcome, my darling ! how goes it, my
sweet ?

You're welcome, good parson ! stand up, I en-
treat !

Good parson, with hoof of a horse and with tail,
I'm your dutiful servant, and wish you all hail !

Dear bride, wherefore stand'st thou so pale and
so dumb ?

The parson to join us together has come ;
Full dear, dear as blood, is the fee I must pay,
And yet to possess thee is merely child's play.

Kneel down, my sweet bride, by my side prythee
kneel !

She kneels and she sinks—O what rapture I
feel !—

She sinks on my heart, on my fast-heaving
breast ;

With shuddering pleasure I hold her close
press'd.

Like billows her golden locks circle the pair,
'Gainst my heart beats the heart of the maiden so
fair ;

They beat with a union of sorrow and love,
And soar to the regions of heaven above.

While our hearts are thus floating in rapture's
wide sea,

In God's holy realms, all untrammell'd and free,
On our heads, as a terrible sign and a brand,
Has hell in derision imposed her grim hand.

In propria persona the dark son of night
As parson bestows the priest's blessing to-night ;
From a bloody book breathes he the formula
terse,

Each prayer execration, each blessing a curse.

A crashing and hissing and howling is heard,
Like rolling of thunder, like waves wildly stirr'd ;
When sudden a bluish-tinged light brightly
flames,

“ Forever, amen !” the old mother exclaims.

8.

I CAME from the house of my mistress dear,
And wander'd, half frenzied, in midnight fear,
And when o'er the churchyard I mournfully trod,
In solemn silence the graves seem'd to nod.

The musician's old tombstone seem'd nodding to
be ;

'Tis the flickering light of the moon that I see.
There's a whisper "Dear brother, I soon shall
be here !"

Then a misty pale form from the tomb doth
appear.

The musician it was who arose in the gloom,
And perch'd himself high on the top of the tomb;
The chords of his lute he struck with good will,
And sang with a voice right hollow and shrill :

" Ah, know ye still the olden song,
That thrill'd the breast with passion strong
Ye chords so dull and unmoving ?
The angels they call it the joys of heaven,
The devils they call it hell's torments even,
And mortals they call it—loving !"

The last word's sound had scarcely died,
When all the graves their mouths open'd wide ;
Many airy figures step forward, and each
The musician draws near, while in chorus they
screech :

" Love, O love, thy wondrous might
Brought us to this dreary plight,
Closed our eyes in endless night—
To disturb us why delight ?"

Thus howl they confusedly, hissing and groaning,
With roaring and sighing and crashing and
moaning ;

The mad troop the musician surround as before,
And the chords the musician strikes wildly once
more :

“ Bravo ! bravo ! How absurd !
Welcome to ye !
Plainly know ye
That I spake the magic word !

“ As we pass the livelong year
Still as mice in prison drear,
Let's to-day be full of cheer !

First, though, please
See that no one else is here ;
Fools were we as long as living,
To love's maddening passion giving
All our madden'd energies.

Let, by way of recreation,
Each one give a true narration
Of his former history—
How devour'd,
How o'erpower'd
In love's frantic chase was he.”

Then as light as the air from the circle there
broke

A wizen'd thin being, who hummingly spoke :

“ A tailor was I by profession
With needle and with shears ;
None made a better impression
With needle and with shears.

“ Then came my master's daughter
With needle and with shears,

And pierced my sorrowing bosom
With needle and with shears."

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed ;
In solemn silence a second stepp'd aft :

" Great Rinaldo Rinaldini,
Schinderhanno, Orlandini,
And Charles Moor especially,
Were my patterns made by me.

" Like those mighty heroes, I
Fell in love, I'll not deny,
And the fairest woman most
Haunted me like any ghost.

" Sighing, cooing like a dove,
I was driven mad with love,
And my fingers, by ill-luck,
In my neighbor's pocket stuck.

" But the constable abused me,
And most cruelly ill-used me,
And I sought to hide my grief
In my neighbor's handkerchief.

" Then their arms policemen placed
Quietly around my waist,
And the bridewell then and there
Took me 'neath its tender care.

" There, with thoughts of love quite full,
Long time sat I, spinning wool,
Till Rinaldo's ghost one day
Came and took my soul away."

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed ;
A third, all-berouged and bedizen'd, stepp'd aft :

“ As monarch I ruled on the stage,
 The part of the lover played I,
 Oft bellowed ‘ Ye Gods,’ in a rage,
 Breath’d many a heart-rending sigh.

“ I play’d Mortimer’s part best, methinks,
 Maria was always so fair ;
 But despite the most natural winks,
 She never gave heed to my prayer.

“ Once when I, with desperate look,
 ‘ Maria, thou holy one !’ cried,
 The dagger I hastily took,
 And plunged it too deep in my side.”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh’d ;
 A fourth in a white flowing garment stepp’d aft :

“ *Ex cathedrâ* kept prating the learned professor,
 He prated, and I went to sleep all the while ;
 Yet my pleasure had certainly not been the
 lesser,
 Had I revell’d instead in his daughter’s sweet
 smile.

“ From the window she oft to me tenderly
 beckon’d,
 That flower of flowers, my life’s only light ;
 Yet that flower of flowers was pluck’d in a
 second
 By a stupid old blockhead, an opulent wight.

“ Then cursed I all women and rogues of high
 station,
 And mingled some poisonous herbs in my
 wine,
 And held with old Death a jollification,
 While he said : ‘ Your good health ! from this
 moment you’re mine !’ ”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh'd ;
A fifth, with a rope round his neck, next stepp'd
aft :

“ There boasted and bragg'd a count, over his
wine,
Of his daughter so fair, and his jewels so fine.
What care I, Sir Count, for thy jewels so fine?
Far rather would I that thy daughter were mine !

“ 'Tis true under bar, lock, and key they both
lay,
And the Count many servants retain'd in his
pay.
What cared I for servants, for bar, lock, or
key?
Up the rungs of the ladder I mounted with
glee.

“ To my mistress's window I climb'd with good
cheer,
Where curses beneath me saluted my ear.
'Stop, stop, my fine fellow! I too must be
there,
I'm likewise in love with the jewels so fair.'

“ Thus jested the Count, while he grappled me
tight,
His servants came round me with shouts of
delight.
'Pooh, nonsense, you rascals! No robber
am I,
I but came for my mistress—'tis really no lie.'

“ In vain was my talking, in vain what I said,
 They got ready the rope, threw it over my
 head,
 And the sun, when he rose, with amazement
 extreme,
 Found me hanging, alas, from the gallows’ high
 beam !”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh’d ;
 A sixth, with his head in his hand, next stepp’d
 aft :

“ Love’s torments made me seek the chace ;
 Rifle in hand, I roam’d apace.
 Down from the tree, with hollow scoff,
 The raven cried : ‘ Head off ! head off !’

“ O, could I only see a dove,
 I’d take it home for my sweet love !
 Thus thought I, and midst bush and tree
 With sportsman’s eye sought carefully.

“ What billing’s that ? What gentle cooing ?
 It sounds like turtle doves’ soft wooing.
 I stole up slyly, cock’d my gun,
 And, lo, my own sweet love was one !

“ It was indeed my dove, my bride ;
 A stranger clasp’d her waist with pride.
 Old gun, now let thy aim be good !—
 The stranger welter’d in his blood.

“ Soon through the wood I had to pass,
 With hangmen by my side, alas !
 Down from the tree, with bitter scoff,
 The raven cried : ‘ Head-off ! head-off !’ ”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed ;
At length the musician in person stepp'd aft :

“ I've sung my own song, friends, demurely,
That charming song's at an end ;
When the heart is once broken, why surely
The song may homeward wend !”

Then began the wild laughter still louder to
sound,
And the pale spectral troop in a circle swept
round.
From the neighboring church-tow'r the stroke of
“ One !” fell,
And the spirits rush'd back to their graves with a
yell.

9.

I WAS asleep, and calmly slept,
All pain and grief allay'd ;
A wondrous vision o'er me crept,
There came a lovely maid.

As pale as marble was her face,
And, O, so passing fair !
Her eyes they swam with pearl-like grace,
And strangely waved her hair.

And slowly, slowly did she glide,
So phantom-like and frail,
And down she lays her by my side,
That maiden marble-pale.

How shook and throb'd, half sad, half blest,
My heart, which hotly burn'd !

But neither shook nor throbb'd her breast,
Which into ice seem'd turn'd.

“ It neither shakes nor throbs, my breast,
And it is icy cold ;
And yet I know love's yearning blest,
Love's mighty pow'r of old.

“ No color's on my lips and cheek,
No blood my veins doth swell ;
But start not, thus to hear me speak,
I love thee, love thee well !”

And madlier still she clasped me round,
Till my very breath 'gan fail :
The cock crew ;—gone, with never a sound,
Was the maiden marble-pale.

10.

I OFT have pale spectres before now
Conjured with magical might ;
They refuse to return any more now
To their former dwelling of night.

The word that commands their submission,
I forgot in my terror and fear ;
My own spirits now seek my perdition,
Within their prison-house drear.

Dark demons, approach not a finger !
Away, nor to torment give birth !
Full many a joy still may linger
In the roseate light of this earth.

I needs must be evermore striving
To reach the flower so fair ;

O, what were the use of my living
If I may cherish her ne'er ?

To my glowing heart fain would I press her,
Would clasp her for once to my breast,
On her lips and her cheeks once caress her,
With sweetest of torments be blest.

If once from her mouth I could hear it,
Could hear one fond whisper bestow'd,
I would follow thee, beckoning spirit,
Yea, e'en to thy darksome abode.

The spirits have heard, and draw nigh me,
And nod with terrible glee :
Sweet love, with an answer supply me—
Sweet love, O lovest thou me ?

II. SONGS.

I.

I AT morn get up, and " Will she
Come," I ask, " to-day ?"
I lie down at eve, and " Still she .
Cometh not ! " I say.

Sleepless, restless, with heart aching,
Night I wear away ;
Dreaming, half asleep, half waking,
Roam about by day !

2.

I'M driven hither and thither along !
 But yet a few hours, I shall see her again,
 Herself, the most fair of the fair maiden-train;
 True heart, what means thy throbbing so strong ?

The hours are only a slothful race !
 Lazily they move each day,
 And with yawning go their way ;—
 Hasten on, ye slothful race !

Wild-raging eagerness thrills me indeed ;
 Never in love have the hours delighted ;
 So, in a cruel bond strangely united,
 Slyly deride they the lovers' wild speed.

3.

By naught but sorrow attended,
 I wander'd under the trees ;
 That olden vision descended,
 And stole to my heart by degrees.

Who taught you the word ye are singing,
 Ye birds in the branches on high ?
 O hush ! when my heart hears it ringing,
 It makes it more mournfully sigh.

A fair young maiden 'twas taught it,
 Who came here, and sang like a bird ;
 And so we birds easily caught it,
 That pretty, golden word."

No more shall this story deceive me.
 Ye birds, so wondrously sly ;

Of my sorrow ye fain would bereave me,
On your friendship I cannot rely.

4.

SWEET love, lay thy hand on my heart, and tell
If thou hearest the knocks in that narrow cell?
There dwells there a carpenter, cunning is he,
And slyly he's hewing a coffin for me.

He hammers and knocks by day and by night,
My slumber already has banish'd outright;
Oh, Master Carpenter, prythee make haste,
That I some slumber at length may taste.

5.

BEAUTEOUS cradle of my sorrow,
Beauteous grave of all my peace,
Beauteous town, we part to-morrow,
Fare thee well, our ties must cease!

Fare thee well, thou threshold holy,
Where my loved one sets her feet!
Fare thee well, thou spot so holy,
Where we chanced at first to meet!

Had I but beheld thee never,
Thee, my bosom's beauteous queen,
Wretched now, and wretched ever,
Oh, I should not thus have been!

Ne'er to stir thy bosom thought I,
For thy love I never pray'd;
Silently to live but sought I
Where thy breath its balm convey'd.

Yet thou spurn'st me in my sadness,
 Bitter words thy mouth doth speak,
 In my senses riots madness,
 And my heart is faint and weak.

And my limbs, in wanderings dreary,
 Sadly drag I, full of gloom,
 Till I lay my head all weary
 In a chilly distant tomb.

6.

PATIENCE, surly pilot, shortly
 To the port I'll follow you ;
 From two maidens I'm departing,
 From my love and Europe too.

Blood-spring, from mine eyes 'gin running,
 Blood-spring, from my body flow,
 So that I then, with my hot blood,
 May write down my tale of woe.

Ah, my body, wherefore shudder
 Thus to-day my blood to see ?
 Many years before thee standing
 Pale, heart-bleeding, saw'st thou me !

Know'st thou still the olden story
 Of the snake in Paradise,
 Who, a cursed apple giving,
 Caused our parents endless sighs ?

Apples brought all evils on us,
 Death through Eve by apples came ;
 Flames on Troy were brought by Eris,—
 Both thou broughtest, death and flame !

7.

TOWER and castled peak look downward
 On the mirror of the Rhine,
 And my bark sails blithely onward
 In the sunbeams' golden shine.

Calm I mark the ripple stealing
 O'er the broken wavelet's crest ;
 Silently awakes the feeling,
 Cherish'd deep within my breast.

Looking tender in its splendor
 On the stately river glides,
 But the gleaming, fair in seeming,
 Death and night within it hides.

Sweet to view, at core fallacious,
 Stream, my lady's type thou art ;
 She can wear a smile as gracious,
 Look as meek and kind of heart.

8.

FIRST methought in my affliction,
 I can never stand the blow.—
 Yet I did—strange contradiction !
How I did, ne'er seek to know.

9.

WITH roses and cypress and tinsel gold
 Lovingly, tenderly I would enfold
 This book, as though it a coffin were,
 And bury my songs in their cerements there.

Could I bury my love there, I were blest !
 On the grave of love grows the flower of rest ;

It blooms there for all to pluck, but for me
'Twill bloom not, till laid in the grave I be.

Well, here are the songs that so wildly erst,
Like lava streams that from Ætna burst,
From the nethermost depths of my soul gush'd
out,
And with lightning-flashes were freak'd about.

Now silent and corpse-like they lie, and stare
Pallid and cold, with a mist-like air ;
But within them again the old fires would seethe,
If only Love's spirit should o'er them breathe.

And there come to my heart boding whispers,
that say,
Love's spirit shall over them weep one day,
If ever this volume should reach thy hand,
Thou love of my soul, in a distant land.

Then the spell shall be broken that binds my
lays,
The death-pale letters on thee shall gaze,—
Beseechingly gaze on thy beautiful eyes,
And breathe of love's passion, its pangs, its
sighs.

III. ROMANCES.

I. THE MOURNFUL ONE.

EVERY heart with pain is smitten
When they see the stripling pale,
Who upon his face bears written
Grief and sorrow's mournful tale.

Breezes with compassion lightly
 Fan his burning brow the while,
 And his bosom many a sprightly
 Damsel fair would fain beguile.

From the city's ceaseless bustle
 To the wood for peace he flies.
 Merrily the leaves there rustle,
 Merrier still the bird's songs rise.

But the merry song soon ceases,
 Sadly rustle leaf and tree,
 When he, while his grief increases,
 Nears the forest mournfully.

2. THE MOUNTAIN ECHO.

AT sad slow pace across the vale
 There rode a horseman brave :
 " Ah ! travel I now to my mistress's arms,
 Or but to the darksome grave ?"
 The echo answer gave :
 " The darksome grave !"

And farther rode the horseman on,
 With sighs his thoughts express'd :
 " If I thus early must go to my grave,
 " Yet in the grave is rest."
 The answering voice confess'd :
 " The grave is rest !"

Adown the horseman's furrow'd cheek
 A tear fell on his breast :
 " If rest I can only find in the grave,
 For me the grave is best."
 The hollow voice confess'd :
 " The grave is best !"

3. THE TWO BROTHERS.

ON the mountain summit darkling
 Lies the castle, veil'd in night ;
 Lights are in the valley sparkling,
 Clashing swords are gleaming bright.

Brothers 'tis, who in fierce duel
 Fight, with wrath to fury fann'd ;
 Tell me why these brothers cruel
 Strive thus madly, sword in hand ?

By the eyes of Countess Laura
 Were they thus in strife array'd ;
 Both with glowing love adore her—
 Her, the noble, beauteous maid.

Unto which now of the brothers
 Is her heart the most inclined ?
 She her secret feeling smothers—
 Out, then, sword, the truth to find !

And they fight with rage despairing,
 Blows exchange with savage might ;
 Take good heed, ye gallants daring—
 Mischief walks abroad by night.

Woe, O woe, ye brothers cruel !
 Woe, O woe, thou vale abhorr'd !
 Both fall victims in the duel,
 Falling on each other's sword.

Races are to dust converted,
 Many centuries have flown,
 And the castle, now deserted,
 Sadly from the mount looks down.

But at night-time in the valley
 Wondrous forms appear again ;
 At the stroke of twelve, forth sally
 To the fight the brothers twain.

4. POOR PETER.

I.

WHILE Hans and Grettel are dancing with
 glee,
 And each of them loudly rejoices,
 Poor Peter looks as pale as can be,
 And perfectly mute his voice is.

While Hans and Grettel are bridegroom and
 bride,
 And glitter in smart ostentation,
 Poor Peter must still in his working dress bide,
 And bites his nails with vexation.

Then softly Peter said to himself,
 As he gazed on the couple sadly :
 " Ah, had I not been such a sensible elf,
 It had fared with my life but badly !"

II.

" Within my breast there sits a woe
 That seems my breast to sever ;
 Where'er I stand, where'er I go,
 It drives me onward ever.

" It makes me tow'rd my loved one fly,
 As if she could restore me ;
 Yet when I gaze upon her eye,
 My sorrows rise before me.

“ I clamber up the mountain brow,
 In lonely sorrow creeping,
 And standing silent on its brow,
 I cannot cease from weeping.”

III.

Poor Peter he goes shambling by
 Very slow, death-pale, and shy ;
 People on the streets, they will
 To look at him, poor soul ! stand still.

The girls they whisper as they pass,
 “ Has he come from the grave, alas ?”
 Ah no ! ye maidens fair, I trow,
 He’s only going gravewards now.

His treasure he has lost, and so
 ’Tis the best place for him to go,
 Where he his weary heart may lay,
 And sleep on to the Judgment-Day.

5. THE PRISONER’S SONG.

WHEN my grandmother once had bewitch’d a
 poor girl,

The mob would have burnt her quite readily ;
 But though fiercely the judge his mustachios
 might twirl,

She refused to confess her crime steadily.

And when in the caldron they held her fast,
 She shouted and yell’d like a craven ;
 But when the black vapor arose, she at last
 Flew up in the air as a raven.

My black and feathery grandmother dear,
 O visit me soon in this tower !

Quick, fly through the grating, and come to me
here,
And bring me some cakes to devour !

My black and feathery grandmother dear,
O prythee protect me from sorrow !
For my aunt will be picking my eyes out, I fear,
When I merrily soar hence to-morrow.

6. THE GRENADIERS.

Two grenadiers travell'd tow'rds France one day,
On leaving their prison in Russia,
And sadly they hung their heads in dismay
When they reach'd the frontiers of Prussia.

For there they first heard the story of woe,
That France had utterly perish'd,
The grand army had met with an overthrow,
They had captured their Emperor cherish'd.

Then both of the grenadiers wept full sore
At hearing the terrible story ;
And one of them said : " Alas ! once more
My wounds are bleeding and gory."

The other one said : " The game's at an end,
With thee I would die right gladly,
But I've wife and child, whom at home I should
tend,
For without me they'll fare but badly.

" What matters my child, what matters my wife ?
A heavier care has arisen ;
Let them beg, if they're hungry, all their life—
My Emperor sighs in a prison !

“Dear brother, pray grant me this one last
prayer :

If my hours I now must number,
O take my corpse to my country fair,
That there it may peacefully slumber.

“The legion of honor, with ribbon red,
Upon my bosom place thou,
And put in my hand my musket dread,
And my sword around me brace thou.

“And so in my grave will I silently lie,
And watch like a guard o’er the forces,
Until the roaring of cannon hear I,
And the trampling of neighing horses.

“My Emperor then will ride over my grave,
While the swords glitter brightly and rattle ;
Then armed to the teeth will I rise from the
grave,
For my Emperor hasting to battle !”

7. THE MESSAGE.

UP, boot and saddle, my boy ! Bestride
Your steed, and away *pêie-mêle*
To old King Duncan’s castle ride
Through forest and over fell.

Slip into the stable, and wait, till you
Are by the groom espied,
Then ask, “Of King Duncan’s daughters which,
Now tell me, is the bride ?”

And if he says, “’Tis the nut-brown girl !”
Then speed with the tale to me ;

But if he says, "'Tis the fair-hair'd maid !"
Then slacker your speed may be.

And to the Master Twinester go,
Buy a rope of the stoutest strand ;
Ride slowly back, speak never a word,
And lay it into my hand.

8. TAKING THE BRIDE HOME.

I GO not alone, fair lady mine ;
You must away with me
To the dear old vaulted chamber drear
In the sad cold house of sorrow and fear,
Where my mother cowers by the porch outside,
A-watch for her son to bring home his bride.

" Now let me go, thou gloomy man !
What should I want with thee ?
Thy breath is hot, thine eyes flash light,
Thy hand is ice, thy cheek is white ;
But a merry life is the life for me,
'Mid roses' perfume and in sunshine free."

Let the rose waft perfume, the sun shine bright,
Darling, my sweet, my own !
Thyself in the white flowing veil attire,
And sweep the strings of the sounding lyre,
And sing me a bridal song soft and low ;
The night wind shall pipe the tune as we go.

9. DON RAMIRO.

" DONNA CLARA ! Donna Clara !
Through long years the hotly-loved one !
Thou hast will'd now my destruction,
Will'd it, too, without compassion.

“ Donna Clara ! Donna Clara !
Very sweet the gift of life is !
But beneath us all is fearful,
In the tomb so dark and chilly.

“ Donna Clara, joy ! to-morrow
Will Fernando at the altar
As his wedded bride salute thee—
Wilt thou ask me to the wedding ? ”

“ Don Ramiro ! Don Ramiro !
Bitterly thy words are sounding,
Bitt’rer than yon stars’ decree is,
Scoffing at my heart’s own wishes.

“ Don Ramiro ! Don Ramiro :
Shake thy gloomy sadness from thee ;
On the earth are many maidens,
But by God have we been parted.

“ Don Ramiro, who so bravely
Many Moors hast overpower’d,
Overpower now thyself too—
Come to-morrow to my wedding. ”

“ Donna Clara ! Donna Clara !
Yes, I swear it, yes, I’ll come there !
And the dance will lead off with thee ;—
So good-night, I’ll come to-morrow. ”

“ So good-night ! ”—The window rattled ;
Sighing stood below Ramiro,
Seeming turn’d to stone long stood he ;
Then he vanish’d in the darkness.

Lastly, after lengthen’d conflict,
Night to day in turn surrender’d ;

Like a blooming flowery garden
Lies extended fair Toledo.

Palaces and splendid buildings
Glitter in the radiant sunlight,
And the churches' domes so lofty
Glisten proudly, as though gilded.

Humming like a busy beehive,
Merrily the bells are sounding ;
Sweetly rise the solemn psalm-tunes
From the God-devoted churches.

But look yonder ! but look yonder !
Where from out the market chapel,
Midst the heaving crowd and uproar,
Streams the throng in checker'd masses.

Glittering knights and stately ladies
In gay courtly dresses sparkle,
And the clear-toned bells are ringing,
And the organ peals between times.

But with reverence saluted,
In the people's midst are walking,
Nobly clad, the youthful couple,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

To the bridegroom's palace entrance
Slowly moves the gay procession ;
There begin the ceremonies,
Stately, and in olden fashion.

Knightly games and merry feasting
Interchange with loud rejoicing ;
Swiftly fly the hours thus gladly
Till the shades of night have fallen.

And the wedding-guests assemble
In the hall, to hold the dances,
And their checker'd gala dresses
Midst the glittering lights are sparkling.

On a high-exalted dais
Bride and bridegroom are reclining,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando,
Holding loving conversation.

In the hall are gayly moving
All the festal crowd of people,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing

“ Wherefore, O my heart's fair mistress,
Are thy glances so directed
Tow'rd the hall's most distant corner ?”
Thus the knight exclaim'd with wonder.

“ Seest thou not, then, Don Fernando,
Yonder man in dark cloak hidden ?”
And the knight with smiling answered :
“ Ah, 'tis nothing but a shadow.”

But the shadow soon approach'd them,
And a man was in the mantle,
And Ramiro recognizing,
Clara greeted him with blushes.

And the dancing has begun now,
And the dancers whirl round gayly
in the waltz's giddy mazes,
And the ground beneath them trembles.

“ Gladly will I, Don Ramiro,
In the dance become thy partner,

But thou didst not well to come here
In a black and night-like mantle."

But with eyes all fix'd and piercing
Looks Ramiro on the fair one ;
Clasping her, with gloom thus speaks he,
" At thy bidding have I come here !"

And the pair of dancers vanish
In the dance's giddy mazes,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

" Snow-white are thy cheeks, Ramiro,"
Clara speaks with secret trembling.
" At thy bidding have I come here !"
In a hollow voice replies he.

In the hall the wax-lights glimmer
Through the ebbing, flowing masses,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

" Ice-cold are thy hands, Ramiro,"
Clara speaks with shudd'ring terror.
" At thy bidding have I come here !"
And within the whirl they vanish.

" Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro !
Ah, thy breath is like a corpse's !"
Once again the dark words speaks he :
" At thy bidding have I come here !"

And the very ground seems glowing,
Fiddle, viol sound right merry ;
Like a wondrous weft of magic
All within the hall is whirling.

“ Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro !”
 Sadly sounds amidst the tumult ;
 Don Ramiro ever answers :
 “ At thy bidding have I come here !”

“ In the name of God depart, then !”
 Clara with a firm voice utters,
 And the words she scarce had spoken
 When Ramiro vanish'd from her.

Clara, death in every feature,
 Chilly, night-surrounded, stood there,
 And a swoon her lightsome figure
 To its darksome kingdom carries.

But at last her misty slumber
 Yields, at last her eyelids open ;
 But again, with deep amazement,
 Would she fain have closed her fair eyes

For since they began the dancing,
 From her seat had she not moved once,
 And she still sits by the bridegroom,
 And the anxious knight thus asks her :

“ Say, why are thy cheeks so pallid ?
 Wherefore is thine eye so darksome ?”—
 “ And Ramiro ?” stammers Clara,
 And her tongue is mute with horror.

But with deep and solemn wrinkles
 Is the bridegroom's brow now furrow'd :
 “ Lady, bloody news why seek'st thou ?
 This day's noontide died Ramiro.”

10. BELSHAZZAR.

THE midnight hour was drawing on ;
Hushed into rest lay Babylon.

All save the royal palace, where
Was the din of revel, and torches' flare.

There high within his royal hall
Belshazzar the king held festival.

His nobles around him in splendor shine,
And drain down goblets of sparkling wine.

The nobles shout, and the goblets ring ;
'Twas sweet to the heart of that stiff-neck'd king.

The cheeks of the king, they flushed with flame ;
As he drank, he grew bolder, more dead to
shame.

And, madden'd with pride, his lips let fall
Wild words, that blaspheme the great Lord of
all.

More vaunting he grew, and his blasphemous
sneers
Were hailed by his lordly rout with cheers.

Proudly the king has a mandate passed ;
Away hie the slaves, and come back full fast.

Many gold vessels they bring with them,
The spoils of God's House in Jerusalem.

With impious hand the king caught up,
Filled to the brim, a sacred cup ;

And down to the bottom he drain'd it dry,
And with mouth a-foam thus aloud did cry—

“Jehovah ! I scoff at Thy greatness gone.
I am the king of Babylon !”

The terrible words were ringing still,
When the king at his heart felt a secret chill.

The laughter ceased, the lords held their breath,
And all through the hall it was still as death.

And see, see there ! on the white wall, see,
Comes forth what seems a man's hand to be !

And it wrote and wrote in letters of flame
On the white wall—then vanished the way it
came.

The king sat staring, he could not speak,
His knees knocked together, death-pale was his
cheek.

With cold fear creeping his lords sat round,
They sat dumb-stricken, with never a sound.

The Magians came, yet not one of them all
Could read the flame-writing upon the wall.

But or ever that night did to morning wane,
Belshazzar the king by his lords was slain.

II. THE MINNESINGERS.

IN the minstrels' strife engaging
Pass the Minnesingers by ;
Strange the war that they are waging,
Strange the tourney where they vie.

Fancy, that for battle nerves him,
 Is the Minnesinger's steed ;
 Art as trusty buckler serves him,
 And his word's a sword indeed.

Beauteous dames, with glances pleasant,
 From the balcony look down ;
 But the right one is not present
 With the proper laurel crown.

Other combatants, when springing
 To the lists, at least are sound ;
 Minnesingers must be bringing
 To the fray a deadly wound.

He from whom the most there draineth
 Song's blood from the inmost breast—
 He is victor, and obtaineth
 From fair lips the praise most blest.

12. LOOKING FROM THE WINDOW.

FAIR Hedwig lay at the window, to see
 If pale Henry would chance to detect her ;
 She said half aloud : " Why goodness me !
 The man is as pale as a spectre !"

With yearning pale Henry look'd above
 At her window, in hopes to detect her ;
 Fair Hedwig now felt the torments of love,
 And she became pale as a spectre.

Love-sick, now stood fair Hedwig all day
 At her window, lest he should reject her ;
 But soon in pale Henry's arms she lay
 All night, at the time for a spectre.

13. THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

I KNOW a story of anguish,
 A tale of the times of old ;
 A knight with love doth languish,
 His mistress is faithless and cold.

As faithless must he esteem now
 Her whom in his heart he adored ;
 His loving pangs must he deem now
 Disgraceful and abhorr'd.

In vain in the lists would he wander,
 And challenge to battle each knight ;
 " Let him who my mistress dares slander
 Make ready at once for the fight !"

But all are silent, save only
 His grief, that so fiercely doth burn ;
 His lance he against his own lonely
 Accusing bosom must turn.

14. THE VOYAGE.

EACH wave I counted, as I stood
 And lean'd against the mast ;
 Adieu, dear native land, adieu !
 My little bark sails fast.

I pass her house, the window-panes
 Against the sunset shine ;
 I look till I am almost blind,
 But no one makes a sign !

Crowd not, ye tears, into mine eyes,
 Still leave me power to see !
 And thou, poor heart, break not with this
 O'erwhelming agony !

15. THE SONG OF REPENTANCE.

SIR ULRICH rides in the forest so green,
The leaves with joy seem laden ;
He sees, the trees' thick branches between,
The form of a beauteous maiden.

The youth then said : " Well know I thee,
So blooming and glowing thy face is ;
Alluringly ever encircles it me,
In deserts or crowded places.

" Those lips, by fresh loveliness ever stirr'd,
Appear a pair of roses ;
Yet many a hateful bitter word
That roguish mouth discloses.

" A pretty rosebush a mouth like this
Resembles very closely,
Where cunning poisonous serpents hiss
Amid the leaves morosely.

" Within those beauteous cheeks there lies
A sweet and beauteous dimple ;
That is the grave where I fell by surprise,
Lured on by a yearning simple.

" There see I the beauteous locks of hair,
That once so lovingly pleased me ;
That is the net so wondrous fair
Wherewith the Evil One seized me.

" And that blue eye, that so sweetly fell,
As clear as the ocean even,
It proved to be the portal of hell,
Though I thought it the gateway of heaven."

In the wood still farther Sir Ulrich doth ride,
 The leaves make a rustling dreary ;
 A second figure afar he spied,
 That seem'd so sad and weary.

The youth then said : " O mother dear,
 Who lov'dst me to distraction,
 But to whom in life I caused many a tear,
 By evil word and action !

" O would that to dry thine eyes could avail
 My sorrow so fiercely glowing !
 O could I but redden thy cheeks so pale
 With the blood from my own heart flowing !"

And farther rides Sir Ulrich there,
 The night o'er the forest is falling ;
 Many singular voices fill the air,
 The evening breezes are calling.

The youth then hears his sorrowing words
 Full often near him ringing ;
 'Tis the notes of the mocking forest birds
 All twittering loudly and singing :

" Sir Ulrich sings a pretty song,
 We call it the song of repentance ;
 And when he has reach'd the end of his song,
 He'll repeat it sentence by sentence."

16. ON HEARING A LADY SING AN OLD BALLAD

I SEE her still, that fair enchantress,
 As first my eyes upon her fell ;
 I hear her rich voice clear and pealing,
 Into my heart's depths sweetly stealing,
 Till tears relieve the quickened feeling—
 How I was moved, I cannot tell.

Away to dreamland I was wafted ;
 Methought that I was still a child ;
 I sit by lamplight in a nook
 Of my dear mother's room, and look
 In wonder on a story-book,
 While winds without are piping wild.

The stories kindle into life,
 Knights from the grave ascend anon ;
 There is a fight at Roncesvalles,
 Sir Roland's plume towers o'er it all,
 Brave falchions may attend his call,
 So, too, does caitiff Ganelon.

By him most vilely done to death,
 Bleeding and breathless Roland lies ;
 Scarce could he wind the signal horn,
 That to great Charles's ear was borne,
 When down he sank, foredone, forlorn—
 And straight with him my vision dies.

Then came a crash, that from my dream
 Awoke me, a chaotic sound ;
 The legend now is all told out,
 The people clap their hands, and shout
 " Bravo ! Bravo !" all round about ;
 The singer courtesys to the ground.

17. THE SONG OF THE DUCATS.

O MY golden ducats dear,
 Tell me why ye are not here ?

Are ye with the golden fishes
 Which within the stream so gaily
 Leap and splash and wriggle daily ?

Are ye with the golden flow'rets
Which, o'er green fields scattered lightly,
In the morning dew gleam brightly?

Are ye with the golden bird-kins
Which we see in happy chorus
In the blue skies hov'ring o'er us?

Are ye with the golden planets
Which in radiant crowds each even
Smile in yonder distant heaven?

Ye, alas, my golden ducats,
Swim not in the streamlet bright,
Sparkle not on meadow green,
Hover not in skies serene,
Smile not in the heavens by night.
Creditors, with greedy paws,
Hold you safely in their claws.

18. DIALOGUE ON PADERBORN HEATH.

HEAR'ST thou not far music ringing,
As of double-bass and fiddle?
Many fair ones there are springing
Gaily up and down the middle.

"You're mistaken, friend, in speaking
Thus of fiddle and its brother;
I but hear young porkers squeaking,
And the grunting of their mother."

Hear'st thou not the forest bugle?
Hunters in the chase are straying;
Gentle lambs are feeding, frugal
Shepherds on their pipes are playing.

“ Ah, my friend, what you just now heard
Was not bugles, pipes, or hunters ;
I can only see the sow-herd
Slowly driving home his grunters.”

Hear'st thou not the distant voices
In sweet rivalry contending ?
Many an angel blest rejoices
Strains like these to hear ascending.

“ Ah, that music sweetly ringing
Is, my friend, no rival chorus ;
'Tis but youthful gooseherds, singing
As they drive their geese before us.”

Hear'st thou not the church-bells holy,
Sweet and clear, with deep emotion ?
To the village chapel slowly
Wend the people with devotion.

“ Ah, my friend, the bells 'tis only
Of the cows and oxen also,
Who, with sunken heads and lonely,
Go back to their gloomy stalls so.”

See'st thou not the veil just moving ?
See'st thou not those soft advances ?
There I see my mistress loving,
Humid sorrow in her glances.

“ She, my friend, who nods so much, is
An old woman, Betsy namely ;
Pale and haggard, on her crutches
O'er the meadow limps she lamely.”

Overwhelm me with confusion
At my questions, friend, each minute ;

Wilt thou deem a mere illusion
 What my bosom holds within it ?

19. LIFE'S SALUTATIONS.

(From an Album.)

THIS earth resembles a highway vast,
 We men are the trav'lers along it ;
 On foot and on horseback we hurry on fast,
 And as runners or couriers through it.

In passing each other, we nod and we greet
 With our handkerchiefs waved from the
 coaches ;
 We fain would embrace, but our horses are fleet,
 And speed on, despite all reproaches.

Dear Prince Alexander, as onward we go,
 We scarcely have met at a station,
 When the signal to start the postilions blow,
 Compelling our sad separation.

20. A WORD TO THE WISE.

WHEN spring with the sunny days comes in,
 Then flowers to burgeon and bloom begin ;
 When the moon has her radiant course begun,
 The stars swim after her one by one ;
 When a pair of sweet eyes on the poet beams,
 From the depths of his soul songs gush in
 streams ;
 But songs and stars and flowers of all dyes,
 And moonbeams and sunshine and sweetest
 eyes—
 Be as fond of this sort of thing as you may—
 To make up a world go a very short way.

IV. SONNETS.

To A. W. VON SCHLEGEL.

IN dainty hoop, with flowers all-richly dight,
 With beauty-patches on her painted face,
 With pointed shoes all hung about with lace,
 With tow'ring curls, and, wasp-like, fasten'd
 tight—

Thus was the spurious muse equipp'd that night
 When first she offer'd thee her fond embrace ;
 But thou eludedst her and leftst the place,
 Led by a mystic impulse from her sight :
 A castle in the desert thou didst find,
 Where, like a lovely marble image shrin'd,
 Lay a fair maid, in magic slumber sunk ;
 But soon the spell was loosed—when kiss'd by
 thee,
 With smiles the lawful muse of Germany
 Awoke, and sank within thine arms, love-
 drunk.

To MY MOTHER, B. HEINE, *née* VON GELDERN.

I.

I HAVE been wont to bear my head right high,
 My temper too is somewhat stern and rough ;
 Even before a monarch's cold rebuff
 I would not timidly avert mine eye.
 Yet, mother dear, I'll tell it openly :
 Much as my haughty pride may swell and puff,
 I feel submissive and subdued enough
 When thy much-cherished, darling form is nigh.
 Is it thy spirit that subdues me then,
 Thy spirit, grasping all things in its ken,
 And soaring to the light of heaven again ?

By the sad recollection I'm oppress'd
 That I have done so much that grieved thy
 breast,
 Which loved me, more than all things else, the
 best.

II.

With foolish fancy I deserted thee ;
 I fain would search the whole world through,
 to learn
 If in it I perchance could love discern,
 That I might love embrace right lovingly.
 I sought for love as far as eye could see,
 My hands extending at each door in turn,
 Begging them not my prayer for love to
 spurn—
 Cold hate alone thy laughing gave to me.
 And ever search'd I after love ; yes, ever
 Search'd after love, but love discover'd never,
 And so I homeward went, with troubled
 thought ;
 But thou wert there to welcome me again,
 And, ah, what in thy dear eye floated then
 That was the sweet love I so long had sought.

To H. S.

WHEN I thy book, friend, open hastily,
 Full many a cherish'd picture meets my view,
 And many a golden image that I knew
 In boyish dreams and days of infancy.
 Proudly tow'rd heaven upsoaring, then I see
 The pious dome, rear'd by religion true,
 I hear the sound of bell and organ too,
 Love's sweet lament at times addressing me.

Well see I, too, how o'er the dome they skip,
 The nimble dwarfs, and with malicious joy
 The beauteous flow'r- and carvèd- work
 destroy,
 But though the oak of foliage we may strip,
 And rob it of its fair and verdant grace,
 When spring returns, fresh leaves it dons
 apace.

FRESCO SONNETS TO CHRISTIAN S—.

I.

I TAKE no notice of the blockheads tame
 Who, seeming to be golden, are but sand ;
 I never offer to that rogue my hand
 Who secretly would injure my good name ;
 I bow not to the harlots who proclaim
 Boldly their infamy throughout the land ;
 And when in victor-cars the rabble band
 Draw their vain idols, with them I ne'er came.
 Well know I that the oak must fall indeed,
 While by the streamlet's side the pliant reed
 Stands in all winds and weathers, fearing not ;
 But say, what is the reed's eventual lot ?
 What joy ! As walking-stick it serves the dandy,
 Or else for beating clothes they find it handy.

II.

Give me a mask, I'll join the masquerade
 As country clown, so that the rabble rout
 Who in their proud disguises strut about
 May not suppose me one of their vile trade.
 Give me low manners, words on purpose made
 To show vulgarity beyond all doubt ;
 All sparks of spirit I'll with care put out
 Wherewith dull fools coquet in accents staid.

So will I dance then at the great mask'd ball,
 By German knights, monks, kings surrounded
 too,
 By Harlequin saluted, known to few.
 With wooden swords they'll strike me, one and
 all.
 That is the joke. For if I show my face,
 The rascals will be silenced in disgrace.

III.

I laugh at all the fools who at me gape,
 And whom with prying goat-like face I see ;
 I laugh at every fox who knavishly
 And idly snuffs me like a very grape ;
 I laugh at every vain pretentious ape,
 Who a proud judge of genius claims to be ;
 I laugh at all the knaves who threaten me
 With poisonous weapons whence there's no
 escape.
 For when the charming fancies joy once gave
 Are wrested from us by the hands of fate,
 And at our feet in thousand atoms cast,
 And when our very heart is torn at last,
 All torn and cut and pierced and desolate,
 A fine shrill laugh we still have power to save.

IV.

A strange and charming tale still haunts my
 mind,
 Wherein a song the leading part assumes,
 And in the song there lives and twines and
 blooms
 A lovely specimen of womankind ;

And in this maiden is a heart enshrined,
 And yet no love that little heart illumines ;
 Her loveless frosty disposition dooms
 Her life to suffer from her pride so blind.
 Hear'st thou how in my head the tale comes
 back ?

And how the song sounds solemnly and sad ?
 And how the maiden titters softly yet ?
 I only fear lest my poor head should crack.
 Alas ! it would indeed be far too bad,
 If my unlucky reason were upset.

v.

At evening's silent, melancholy hour,
 Long-buried songs around me take their place,
 And burning tears course swiftly down my
 face,
 And my old heart-wounds bleed with greater
 power.
 My love's dear image like a beauteous flower
 As in a magic glass again I trace ;
 In bodice red she sits and sews apace,
 And silence reigns around her blissful bower.
 But on a sudden springs she from her seat,
 And cuts from her dear head a beauteous 'lock,
 And gives it me—the very joy's a shock.
 The Evil One soon spoilt my rapture sweet :
 The hair he twisted in a rope full strong,
 And many a year has dragg'd me thus along.

vi.

“ When I a year ago again met thee,
 No kiss thou gav'st me in that moment blest ;”
 Thus spake I, and my love a kiss impress'd
 With rosy mouth upon my lips with glee.

With a sweet smile she from a myrtle tree
 Hard by us pluck'd a twig, and said in jest :
 " Take thou this twig, in fresh earth let it rest,
 And o'er it place a glass"—then nodded she.
 'Twas long ago. The twig died in the pot.
 'Tis many a year since she hath cross'd my
 sight ;
 Yet in my head that kiss still burneth hot.
 Lately returning home, I sought the place
 Where dwells my love. Before her house all
 night
 I stood, and left when morning show'd its face.

VII.

Of savage devils'-brats, my friend, beware,
 But gentle angels'-brats more hearts will break ;
 Once such a one a sweet kiss bid me take,
 But when I came, I felt sharp talons there.
 Of black and ancient cats, my friend, take care,
 But white young kittens are still more awake ;
 Once such a one my sweetheart did I make—
 My heart my sweetheart savagely did tear.
 O darling brat ! O maiden passing sweet !
 How could thy clear eye e'er deceive me so ?
 How could thy paw e'er give me such a blow ?
 O my dear kitten's paw so soft and neat !
 Could I but press thee to my glowing lip !
 And could my life-blood meanwhile cease to
 drip !

VIII.

Thou oft hast seen me boldly strive with those—
 Both spectacled old fop and painted dame—
 Who gladly would destroy my honest name,
 And gladly see my last expiring throes.

Thou oft has seen how pedants round me close,
How fools with cap and bells my life defame,
How poisonous serpents gnaw my sinking
frame,
Whilst from a thousand wounds my life-blood
flows.

But firm as any tower there stood thy form ;
Thy head a lighthouse was amid the storm,
Thy faithful heart a haven was for me ;
Though round that haven roars the raging main,
And few the ships the landing-place that gain,
Once there, we slumber in security.

IX.

Fain would I weep, but, ah, I cannot weep ;
Fain would I upwards full of vigor spring,
But cannot ; to the earth I needs must cling,
Spurn'd by the reptiles that around me creep.
Fain would I near my beauteous mistress keep,
Near my bright light of life be hovering,
And in her dear sweet breath be revelling,
But cannot ; for my heart with sorrow deep
Is breaking ; from my broken heart doth flow
My burning blood, my strength within me
fades,
And darker, darker grows the world to me.
With secret awe I yearn unceasingly
For yonder misty realm, where silent shades
Their gentle, loving arms around me throw.

LYRICAL INTERLUDE.

1822-23.

PROLOGUE.

THERE once lived a knight, who was mournful
and bent,

His cheeks white as snow were, and hollow ;
He totter'd and stagger'd wherever he went,
A vain vision attempting to follow.

He seem'd so clumsy and awkward and *gauche*,
That the flowers and girls, when they saw him
approach,

Their merriment scarcely could swallow.

From his room's darkest corner he often ne'er
stirr'd,

Esteeming the sight of men shocking,
And extended his arms, without speaking a word,
As though some vain phantom were mocking.

But scarce had the hour of midnight drawn near,
When a wonderful singing and noise met his ear,
And he heard at the door a strange knocking.

His mistress then secretly enters the room,

In a dress made of foam of the ocean ;
She glows like a rosebud, so sweet is her bloom,
Her jewel'd veil's ever in motion ;

Her golden locks play round her form slim and tall,
Their eyes meet with rapture, and straightway they fall
In each other's arms with devotion.

In his loving embraces the knight holds her fast,
The dullard with passion is glowing ;
He reddens, the dreamer awakens at last,
And bolder and bolder he's growing.
But she grows more saucy and mocking instead,
And gently and softly she covers his head,
Her white jewell'd veil o'er him throwing.

To a watery palace of crystal bright
The knight on a sudden is taken ;
His eyes are dazzled by radiant light,
By his wits he is wellnigh forsaken.
But the nymph holds him closely embraced by
her side,
The knight is the bridegroom, the nymph is the
bride,
While her maidens the lute's notes awaken.

So sweetly they play and so sweetly they sing,
In the dance they are moving so lightly,
That the knight before long finds his senses take
wing,
He embraces his sweet one more tightly—
When all of a sudden the lights disappear,
And the knight's once more sitting in solitude
dear
In his poet's low garret unsightly.

I.

'Twas in the glorious month of May,
 When all the buds were blowing,
 I felt—ah me, how sweet it was!—
 Love in my heart a-growing.

'Twas in the glorious month of May,
 When all the birds were quiring,
 In burning words I told her all
 My yearning, my aspiring.

2.

SWEET flowers spring up, the fairest,
 Where fell my tears, and burned ;
 And all my sighs to melodies
 Of nightingales are turned.

And, if thou'lt love me, Sweeting,
 The flowers to thee I'll bring ;
 And 'neath thy chamber window
 The nightingales shall sing.

3.

THE rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
 I loved them all dearly once, every one ;
 I love them no longer, I love now alone
 The small one, the neat one, the pure one, mine
 own.

Yes, she herself, the fount of all love,
 Is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.

4.

WHENE'ER I look into thine eyes,
 Then every fear that haunts me flies ;
 But when I kiss thy mouth, oh then
 I feel a giant's strength again.

When leaning on thy darling breast,
 I feel with heavenly rapture blest ;
 But when thou sayest, " I love thee !"
 Then must I weep, and bitterly.

5.

THY face, so sweet and fair to see,
 Of late has come in my dreams to me ;
 It is so gentle and angel-fair,
 And yet so wan, so wan with care.

The lips are rose-red ; but anon
 Death kisses them—the rose is gone ;
 And quench'd, alas ! the heavenly light,
 That from thy sweet eyes flashes bright.

6.

THY cheek incline, dear love, to mine,
 Then our tears in one stream will meet, love !
 Let thy heart be pressed till on mine it rest,
 Then the flames together will beat, love !

And when the stream of our tears shall light
 On that flame so fiercely burning,
 And within my arms I clasp thee tight—
 I shall die with love's wild yearning.

7.

I WILL steep my fainting spirit
 In the lily's calyx pale,
 The lily, in tones that stir it,
 A song of my love shall exhale.

That song shall vibrate and shiver,
 Like the ever-remembered kiss,
 That from her lips on mine did quiver
 In an hour of divinest bliss.

8.

IMMOVABLE, unchanging,
 The stars stand in the skies,
 Upon each other gazing
 With sad and loving eyes.

They speak throughout the ages
 A speech so rich, so grand ;
 But none of all the sages
 That speech can understand.

But I that speech have mastered,
 Can all its meanings trace ;
 What for a grammar served me
 Was my belovèd's face.

9.

OH, I would bear thee, my love, my bride,
 Afar on the wings of song,
 To a fairy spot by the Ganges' side ;
 I have known and have loved it long.

'Tis a garden a-flame with blossoms rare,
 That sleeping in moonlight lies ;
 The Lotus-flowers are awaiting there
 A sister they dearly prize.

There the violets twine, and soft vows repeat,
 And gaze on the stars above ;
 The roses exhale in whispers sweet
 Old legends of souls that love.

Gazelles come bounding from the brake,
 And pause, and look shyly round ;
 And the waves of the sacred river make
 A far-off slumb'rous sound.

There shall we couch by a rippling stream
In the shade of a stately palm,
And drink in love, and delight, and dream
Long dreams in a blissful calm.

10.

THE lotos flower is troubled
At the sun's resplendent light ;
With sunken head and sadly
She dreamily waits for the night.

The moon appears as her wooer,
She wakes at his fond embrace ;
For him she kindly uncovers
Her sweetly flowering face.

She blooms and glows and glistens,
And mutely gazes above ;
She weeps and exhales and trembles
With love and the sorrows of love.

11.

IN the Rhine, that beautiful river,
The sacred town of Cologne,
With its vast cathedral, is ever
Full clearly mirror'd and shown.

A picture on golden leather
In that fair cathedral is seen ;
On my life, so sad altogether,
It hath cast its rays serene.

The flowers and angels hover
Round our dear Lady there ;
Her eyes, lips, cheeks, all over
Resemble my mistress fair.

12.

THOU lov'st me not, thou tellest me.
 It troubles me but slightly ;
 But when thy beauteous face I see,
 No king's heart beats more lightly.

Thou hatest me, thy red lips say
 With well-pretended snarling ;
 But when sweet kisses they convey,
 I'm comforted, my darling.

13.

FULL lovingly thou must embrace me,
 My mistress beauteous and sweet !
 With pliant form interlace me,
 And with thine arms and thy feet.

The fairest of snakes e'er created
 With vigor encircles anon,
 And clasps and twines round the elated
 And happy Laocoon.

14.

SWEAR not at all, but only kiss !
 All woman's oaths I hold amiss ;
 Thy word is sweet, but sweeter far
 The kisses that my guerdon are.
 These keep I, while thy words but seem
 A passing cloud, or fragrant dream.

* * * *

Now then, my loved one, swear away !
 I'll credit all that thou dost say ;
 And when I sink upon thy breast,
 I'll think that I am truly blest ;

I'll think that, love, eternally,
And even longer, thou'lt love me.

15.

UPON my mistress's eyes so clear
I write the fairest cantatas ;
Upon my mistress's mouth sincere
I write the best of terzinas ;
Upon my mistress's cheeks so dear
I write the cleverest stanzas ;
And had my mistress a heart, upon it
I soon would write a charming sonnet.

16.

THE world's an ass, the world can't see,
And grows more stupid daily :
It says, my darling child, of thee,
Thou livest far too gaily.

The world's an ass, the world can't see,
Thy character not knowing ;
It knows not how sweet thy kisses be,
How rapturously glowing.

17.

LOVED one— gladly would I know it—
Art thou but a vision fair,
Such as in his brain the poet
Loves in summer to prepare ?

No ! such eyes of magic splendor,
Lips so rosy and so warm,
Such a child, so sweet and tender,
Never did the poet form.

Basilisks and vampires gory,
 Dragons, monsters of the earth,
 Suchlike evil beasts of story
 In the poet's fire have birth.

But thyself, so artful-artless,
 Thy sweet face, thy tender eyes,
 With their looks so fond, so heartless,
 Never poet could devise.

18.

FAIR she is as foam-born Venus,
 She that was my love, my pride ;
 But a churl has stopt between us,
 Vaunts her as his chosen bride.

Heart mine, chafe not at the treason,
 O thou much-enduring one !
 Bear, nay, deem it quite in reason,
 What the pretty fool has done.

19.

I AM not wroth, my own lost love, although
 My heart is breaking—wroth I am not, no !
 For all thou dost in diamonds blaze, no ray
 Of light into thy heart's night finds its way.

I saw thee in a dream. Oh, piteous sight !
 I saw thy heart all empty, all in night ;
 I saw the serpent gnawing at thy heart ;
 I saw how wretched, O my love, thou art !

20.

YES, thou art wretched, and I am not wroth :
 O love, in pain we both most draw our breath ;

Yes, we are fated to be wretched both,
 Till our sad hearts, O love, shall break in
 death.

I see the scorn upon thy lips express'd,
 I see thine eyes flash fierce defiance now,
 I see the spasm of pride that heaves thy breast,
 Yet even as I am wretched, so art thou.

Yet round thy lips an unseen sorrow glides,
 Tears, hidden tears, bedim those eyes of thine,
 Thy proud breast cherishes a wound it hides—
 Yes, to be wretched is thy lot and mine !

21.

HARK to yon fiddling and fluting,
 The trumpets bray loudly out !
 My heart's very darling is footing
 It there with her wedding rout.

Hark to yon booming and droning
 Of hautboy, bassoon, and drum !
 And, mingled through all, the moaning
 And sobs of good angels come.

22.

THOU scarcely could'st have forgotten it faster,
 That I of thine heart so long was the master ;
 Thine heart so false, so small, and so sweet,
 A sweeter and falser I never shall meet.

Thou now hast forgotten the love and disaster
 That made my heart throb all the faster ;
 I know not if love was the greatest, or woe ;
 That both were great, full well I know.

23.

If the little flowers knew how deep
 Is the wound that is in my heart,
 Their tears with mine they'd weep,
 For a balm to ease its smart.

If the nightingales knew how ill
 And worn with woe I be,
 They would cheerily carol and trill,
 And all to bring joy to me.

If they knew, every golden star,
 The anguish that racks me here,
 They would come from their heights afar
 To speak to me words of cheer.

But none of them all can know ;
 One only can tell my pain,
 And she has herself—oh woe !—
 She has rent my heart in twain.

24.

O WHY have the roses lost their hue,
 Sweet love, O tell me why ?
 Why mutely thus do the violets blue
 In the verdant meadows sigh ?

The lark, why sings he so sad a chime,
 As he soars in the sky o'erhead ?
 Why, why exhales from the fragrant thyme
 An odor as of the dead ?

Why wears the sun all the livelong day
 A look of such chill and gloom ?
 Oh, why is the earth so ashen-gray,
 And desolate as a tomb ?

And why so heart-sick and sad am I?
Oh, say, love, why this should be!
Oh, say, my heart's very darling, why
Hast thou forsaken me?

25.

FOR thine ear many tales they invented,
And loud complaints preferred;
But how my soul was tormented,
Of this they said not a word.

They prated of mischief and evil,
And mournfully shook their head;
They liken'd poor me to the devil,
And thou didst believe what they said.

But, oh, the worst and the saddest
Of this they nothing knew;
The saddest and the maddest
In my heart was hidden from view.

26.

THE linden blossomed, the nightingale sung,
The sun was beaming with smiles of light;
Then you kissed me, around me your arms you
flung,
To your heaving bosom you clasp'd me tight.

Leaves were falling, the raven croak'd hollow
and hoarse,
The sun was saddened, and sick with shade;
We said "Farewell!" like some matter of course,
And you the politest of curtseys made.'

27.

WE have felt for each other emotions soft,
 And yet our tempers always were matching,
 At "man and wife" we have play'd full oft,
 And yet ne'er took to fighting and scratching.
 We have shouted together, together been gay,
 And tenderly kiss'd and fondled away.
 At last we play'd in forest and dell
 At hide and seek, like sister and brother,
 And managed to hide ourselves so well,
 That never since then have we seen each
 other.

28.

X

I'VE no belief in the heavens
 Of which the parsons rave ;
 In thine eyes believe I only,
 In their heavenly light I lave.

I've no belief in the Maker
 Of whom the parsons rave ;
 In thine heart believe I only,
 No other God will I have.

I've no belief in the devil,
 In hell or the pains of hell ;
 In thine eyes believe I only,
 And thine evil heart as well.

29.

To me thou wert faithful and steady,
 And madest for me supplication ;
 In my troubles and sad tribulation
 Thy comfort always was ready,

Food and drink thou gav'st me in payment,
 And plenty of money didst lend me,
 And also a passport didst send me,
 As well as some changes of raiment.

From heat and from coldness unpleasant
 May heaven, my dear one, long guard thee,
 And may it never reward thee
 The kindness shown me at present !

30.

THE earth had long been avaricious,
 But May, when she came, gave with great
 prodigality,
 And all things now smile with rapture delicious,
 But I for laughter have no partiality.

The blue bells are ringing, their beauty display-
 ing,
 The birds, as in fables, talk sentimentality ;
 I take no pleasure in all they are saying,
 And I am quite wretched in sober reality.

All men I detest, and now cannot meet one,
 Not even my friend, with the least cordiality,
 And this all because my amiable sweet one
 They "madam" entitle, with chilling for-
 mality.

31.

AND as I linger'd so many a day
 Dreaming and roystering far away,
 The time on my love's heart hung like a load,
 So a wedding-robe for herself she sewed,
 And for bridegroom within her soft arms she
 wound
 The biggest young fool that might well be found.

My love, so gentle, so fair is she,
 That her sweet image keeps haunting me ;
 Her violet eyes, her rosy cheeks,
 They glow and they bloom through the months
 and weeks.
 Of all my mad follies, the maddest, I wis,
 Was to let through my fingers a love like this.

32.

THE violets blue of those eyes of thine,
 The roses red of thy cheeks divine,
 The lilies white of thy hands so fine,
 Bloom on and on, fresh, bright, and clear—
 'Tis only your heart is dried up, my dear.

33.

THE world is so fair, and the sky so blue,
 And the breezes so soft, and so balmy, too,
 And the meadow flowers are so bright of hue,
 And they sparkle and gleam in the morning dew
 And all men are merry and glad to view ;
 Yet fain would I lie in the churchyard bed,
 And nestle in close by my love that's dead.

34.

WHEN thou shalt lie, my darling, low
 In the dark grave, where they hide thee,
 Then down to thee I will surely go,
 And nestle in beside thee.

Wildly I'll kiss and clasp thee there,
 Pale, cold, and silent lying ;
 Shout, shudder, weep in dumb despair,
 Beside my dead love dying.

The midnight calls, up rise the dead,
 And dance in airy swarms there ;
 We twain quit not our earthly bed,
 I lie wrapt in your arms there.

Up rise the dead ; the Judgment-Day
 To bliss or anguish calls them ;
 We twain lie on as before we lay,
 And heed not what befalls them.

35.

A LONELY fir tree is standing
 On a northern barren height ;
 It sleeps, and the ice and snow-drift
 Cast round it a garment of white.

It dreams of a slender palm tree,
 Which far in the Eastern land
 Beside a precipice scorching
 In silent sorrow doth stand.

36.

STARS, that bright and golden are,
 Greet my darling from afar ;
 Say I'm still the same she knew—
 Sick at heart, and pale, and true.

37.

(The Head speaks.)

OH, were I but the footstool, where
 The feet of my dear lady rest,
 Press how she might, I should not care,
 The very pain would make me blest !

(*The Heart speaks.*)

Oh, were I but the cushion, where
 She sticks her pins and needles in,
 Prick how they might, I should not care,
 Each prick a smile should only win !

(*The Song speaks.*)

Oh, were I but the paper roll
 From which her *papillotes* she takes,
 I'd whisper to her, how my soul
 For her, her only, lives and aches !

38.

SINCE my love did me beguile
 I have quite forgot to smile ;
 Stupid jokes I hear and chaff,
 But I cannot, cannot laugh.

Since the day I lost her, I
 Have to tears, too, said good-by ;
 Sharp my heart's pangs are and deep.
 But I cannot, cannot weep.

39.

My little songs do I utter
 From out of my great, great sorrow ;
 Some tinkling pinions they borrow,
 And tow'rd her bosom they flutter.

They found it, and over it hover'd,
 But soon return'd they, complaining,
 And yet to tell me disdain
 What they in her bosom discover'd.

40.

SWEET darling, beloved by me solely,
The thoughts in my memory dwell
That once I possess'd thee wholly,
Thy soul and body as well.

Thy body, so young and tender,
I need, beyond all doubt ;
Thy soul to the tomb I'll surrender,
I've plenty of soul without.

I'll cut my soul in sunder,
And half of it breathe into thee,
And when I embrace thee—O wonder !—
One soul and body we'll be.

41.

THE blockheads, their holidays keeping,
Are walking through forest and plain ;
They shout, and like kittens are leaping,
And hail sweet Nature again.

They gaze, with glances that glisten,
On each romantic thing ;
With ears like asses they listen
To hear the sparrows sing.

My chamber window to darken,
With black cloth I hang it by day ;
To the signal my spirits straight hearken,
Day-visits they hasten to pay.

My olden love also draws nigh me,
From the realms of the dead she appears ;
She, weeping, sits gently close by me,
And softens my bosom to tears.

42.

MANY visions of times long vanish'd
Arise from out of their tomb,
And show me how once in thy presence
I lived in my life's young bloom.

All day I mournfully totter'd
Through the streets, as though in a dream ;
The people gazed on me with wonder,
So silent and sad did I seem.

The night-time suited me better,
Deserted the streets were then,
And I and my shadow together
We wandered in silence again.

With footsteps echoing loudly
I wander'd over the bridge ;
The moon with solemn look hail'd me
As she burst through the cloudy ridge.

I stood in front of thy dwelling,
And fondly gazed up on high ;
I gazed up toward thy window,
My heart breathed many a sigh.

Well know I that thou from the window
Full often hast gazed below,
And in the moonlight hast seen me
Stand fix'd, the image of woe.

43.

A YOUNG man loves a maiden,
She somebody else prefers ;
That somebody else loves another,
Who makes him by wedlock hers.

The maiden in mere vexation,
Because of the loss she has had,
Weds the first kind soul that offers,
And this drives the young man mad.

'Tis an old, a very old story,
But still it is always new ;
And when and wherever it happens
A man's heart is broken in two.

44.

FRIENDSHIP, Love, the Philosopher's Stone,
I have heard them praised, all three, I own.
I have praised them, too, and for them have
sought,
But alas ! alas ! I have found them not.

45.

ON hearing the strains enthralling
That my loved one sang to me erst,
With torments fierce and appalling
My heart is ready to burst.

Impell'd by a gloomy yearning
I seek in the forest relief,
And there in tears hotly burning
I quench my anguish and grief.

46.

I DREAMT of a monarch's daughter fair,
And pale and sad was she ;
Clasp'd heart to heart we were sitting there
All under a linden tree.

“ Not for thy father’s throne I pine,
 Nor his sceptre of gold I want,
 I want not his crown of the diamond shine
 ’Tis for thy sweet self I pant.”

“ That cannot be !” to me she said ;
 “ In the grave I am lying low,
 And I only come to thee at dead
 Of night, for I love thee so !”

47.

SWEET love, in fond converse together
 In the light canoe sat we,
 Still the night was, and calm was the weather,
 As we skimm’d o’er the wide-spreading sea.

The fair spirit-islands before us
 In the glimmering moonlight lay ;
 Sweet tones came floating o’er us,
 While the mists were dancing in play.

On danced they with merrier motion,
 And sweeter still sounded the song ;
 But over the boundless ocean
 We mournfully floated along.

48.

FROM the realm of old-world story
 There beckons a lily hand,
 That calls up the sweetness, the glory,
 The sounds of a magic land.

Where huge flowers droop in the splendor
 Of closing day’s golden red,
 And cast on each other looks tender,
 As the looks are of lovers new wed ;

Where all the trees, too, have voices,
And all like a chorus sing,
And a sound as of music rejoices
In the babble of every spring ;

On the air songs of true love are swelling,
Such as never elsewhere thou hast heard,
Till by yearnings divine beyond telling
Thy soul is divinely stirred.

Oh me, if I might go thither,
And gladden my care-worn breast,
Shake off all the sorrows that wither,
Be happy and truly at rest !

Ah, many a time in my dreaming
Through that region of rapture I roam !
Then the morning sun comes with its beaming,
And scatters it all like foam.

49.

I LOVED thee, and oh, I love thee still !
The world to wreck may crumble,
But the flames of the love that I bear thee will
Flash out, as the ruins tumble.

And when I thus have loved thee so well
Till the hour of death has sounded,
I'll take with me e'en to my tomb's dark cell
My love-pangs fierce and unbounded.

50.

IN the glimmering summer morning
I pace the garden alone ;
The flowers are whisp'ring and speaking,
But silently wander I on.

The flowers are whisp'ring and speaking,
 My form with compassion they scan :
 Oh, pray be kind to our sister,
 Thou mournful and pale-faced man !

51.

My love in its shadowy glory
 Shines out with a lurid light,
 Like a troubled and tragic story,
 That is told on a summer night.

“Lovers twain in a garden enchanted
 Alone and in silence stray ;
 By the nightingales' songs they are haunted,
 And round them the moonbeams play.

‘Statue-like stands the maid, uncompliant,
 On his knees at her feet is the knight ;
 When on strides a brute of a giant,
 And the maiden flies off in a fright.

“The knight drops senseless and gory,
 The giant reels home to his bed——”
 'Twill not be wound up, that story,
 Till the turf is laid over my head.

52.

THEY often have vex'd me sadly
 And worried me early and late ;
 While some with their love have annoy'd me,
 The others pursued me with hate.

My bread they have utterly poison'd,
 And poison'd my cup too of late ;
 While some with their love have annoy'd me
 The others pursued me with hate.

But she who more than all others
 Has vex'd me, and worried, and chafed,
 She only with hate ne'er pursued me,
 She only her love ne'er vouchsafed.

53.

'Tis summer, fiery summer
 Upon thy cheeks divine ;
 'Tis winter, icy winter
 In that little heart of thine.

'Twill not be so forever,
 My own dear love that art ;
 On thy cheek it will be winter,
 And summer in thy heart.

54.

WHEN it comes to lovers' parting,
 Each other's hands they press,
 And then they fall a-weeping,
 And sigh sighs numberless.

We wept not, thou and I, love,
 Nor "Oh !" nor "Ah !" sigh'd we ;
 The tears and sighs came after,
 But alas ! they were to be.

55.

THEY sat round the tea-table drinking,
 And speaking of love a great deal ;
 The men of æsthetics were thinking,
 The ladies more prone were to feel.

"All love ought to be but platonical,"
 The wither'd old counsellor said ;

His wife by a smile quite ironical
 Rejoin'd, and then sighed "Ah!" instead.

Said the canon with visage dejected,
 "Love ne'er should be suffered to go
 Too far, or the health is affected ;"
 The maiden then simper'd, "How so?"

The Countess her sad feelings vented,
 Said, "Love is a passion, I'm sure,"
 And then to the Baron presented
 His cup with politeness demure.

A place was still empty at table ;
 My darling, 'twas thou wert away ;
 Thou hadst been so especially able
 The tale of thy love, sweet, to say.

56.

My songs, they are poison'd—poison'd !
 How otherwise could it be ?
 Over the flowers of my life's fresh hours
 Has poison been pour'd by thee.

My songs, they are poison'd—poison'd !
 How otherwise could it be ?
 Many serpents I bear in my heart, and there
 I bear with them, thee, love, thee.

57.

AGAIN the old dream came back to me ;
 'Twas eve in the May-time vernal,
 We sat there under the linden tree,
 And vowed troth-plight eternal.

Oh, the vowing and vowing o'er and o'er !
 How we coo, and we fondle and bill, too !

To make me remember the vow I swore,
 You bit my hand—with a will, too.

Oh, darling, with the eyes of light,
 Oh, darling, fair and mordant,
 The vows were all as they should be, quite,
 The bite was a trifle discordant.

58.

I STAND on the brow of the mountain,
 And sentimentally sigh.
 "Oh, were I only a bird now!"
 I many a thousand times cry.

Oh, were I only a swallow,
 My darling, to thee would I fly,
 And soon a nest would I build me,
 Thy lattice window hard by.

Oh, were I a nightingale only,
 I would fly, my darling, to thee,
 And sing my sweet songs by night-time
 Perch'd high in the green linden tree.

Oh, were I only a bullfinch,
 I would fly straight into thy heart ;
 To the bullfinch thou always wert kindly,
 And healest the bullfinch's smart.*

59.

My carriage rumbles slowly
 Through woodlands green and gay,
 Through flowery dells, that in sunlight
 Are blossoming fresh with May.

* The word "Gimpel" in the original has the double meaning of "bullfinch" and "blockhead," and the point of this verse is therefore lost in a translation.

I sit, and I muse, and dream of
 The lady I long to win,
 When at the carriage-window
 Three phantom shapes look in.

They caper and make grimaces,
 So elf-like, and yet so shy ;
 And swirl, as mists do, together,
 And grin, and go whisking by.

60.

IN dreams, oh, I have wept, love !
 I dreamed in the grave you were laid ;
 I awoke, and my cheek was wet, love,
 And tears still adown it strayed.

In dreams, oh, I have wept, love !
 I dreamed you were false to me ;
 I awoke, and I went on weeping
 Long, long and bitterly.

In dreams, oh, I have wept, love :
 I dreamed you still held me dear ;
 I awoke, and unto this hour, love,
 Weep many a scalding tear.

61.

I SEE thee nightly in dreams, my sweet,
 Thine eyes the old welcome making,
 And I fling me down at thy dear feet
 With the cry of a heart that is breaking.

Thou lookest at me in woful wise
 With a smile so sad and holy,
 And pearly tear-drops from thine eyes
 Steal silently and slowly.

Whispering a word, thou lay'st on my hair
 A wreath with sad cypress shotten ;
 I awake—the wreath is no longer there,
 And the word I have forgotten.

62.

'Tis autumn, the night's dark and gloomy,
 With rain and tempest above ;
 Where tarries—oh, tell it unto to me—
 My poor and sorrowing love ?

By the window I see her reclining,
 In her chamber lonely and drear,
 And out in the night, sadly pining,
 She looks with many a tear.

63.

THE trees in the autumn wind rustle,
 The night is humid and cold ;
 I ride all alone in the forest,
 And round me my gray cloak I fold.

And as I am riding, before me
 My thoughts unrestrainedly roam ;
 They lightly and airily bear me
 To my own dear mistress's home.

The dogs are barking, the servants
 With glittering torches appear ;
 I climb up the winding staircase,
 My spurs ring loudly and clear.

In her bright-lighted tapestry chamber,
 So full of magical charms,
 My own sweet darling awaits me,
 I hasten into her arms.

The wind in the leaves is sighing,
 The oak thus whispers to me :
 "What means, thou foolish young horseman,
 Thy foolish revery?"

64.

A GLITTERING star is falling
 From its shining home in the air ;
 The star of love 'tis surely
 That I see falling there.

The blossoms and leaves in plenty
 From the apple tree fall each day ;
 The merry breezes approach them,
 And with them merrily play.

The swan in the pool is singing,
 And up and down doth he steer,
 And, singing gently ever,
 Dips under the water clear.

All now is silent and darksome,
 The leaves and blossoms decay,
 The star has crumbled and vanish'd,
 The song of the swan died away.

65

THE Dream-God bore me to a giant keep,
 Where gleaming lights, and heavy weird per-
 fume,
 And motley mingling crowds of men did sweep
 Through winding labyrinths of room on room ;
 Pale crowds that hung about the doors did weep,
 And wrung their hands, and cried as if for
 doom ;

Young maids and knights stood out amid the
throng,

And with the rush I too was borne along.

But all at once I am alone ; and lo !

Passed out of view are all of human kind !

Onward I roam alone, and hurrying go

Through the still chambers, that so strangely
wind.

My feet turn lead, my heart is full of woe,

An outlet almost I despair to find ;

At length I reach the final door, and would

Go forth—O God ! what there before me stood ?

It was my darling at the door did stand,

On her brow sorrow, round her sweet lips pain ;

I would have turn'd, she beckons with her hand,

I wist not if in warning or disdain ;

But in her eyes a light shone, that unmann'd

And thrill'd me through and through, both
heart and brain ;

Then, as she eyed me with a look that spoke

Sternly, yet with strange tenderness—I woke.

66.

THE midnight was cold, and still, and sad,
I roam'd through the wood, and my heart was
mad ;

I scared from slumber tree after tree,

And in pity they shook their heads at me.

67.

AT the cross-roads a wretch is buried,

Self-slain in an evil hour ;

There is a blue flower growing,

The Death-doomed-criminal's-flower.

At the cross-roads I stood in the silence
 And chill of the midnight hour ;
 Slowly it waned in the moonlight,
 The Death-doomed-criminal's-flower.

68.

WHERE'ER I be, a darkness stronger,
 Denser, all around me spreads,
 Since thine eyes' dear light no longer
 On my path its lustre sheds.

Sweet love-stars ! their golden dawning
 Never more shall glad my sight ;
 At my feet a chasm is yawning—
 Sweep me hence, primeval night !

69.

NIGHT lay upon mine eyelids,
 Upon my mouth lay lead ;
 I in my grave was lying,
 With frozen heart and head.

How long it was I know not
 That I in slumber lay ;
 I woke and heard a knocking
 Upon my grave one day.

“ Wilt thou not rise up, Henry ?
 The Judgment-Day is this,
 The dead have all arisen,
 To taste of endless bliss.”

I cannot rise, my darling,
 For I have lost my sight ;
 Mine eyes, through very weeping,
 Are veil'd in darkest night.

“ I'll kiss away the darkness,
My Henry, from thine eyes ;
The angels shalt thou see then,
The glory of the skies.”

I cannot rise, my darling,
The wound is bleeding yet,
Made by thee in my bosom
With one sharp word and threat.

“ My hand all gently, Henry,
I'll lay upon thy heart ;
It then will bleed no longer,
And heal'd will be the smart.”

I cannot rise, my darling,
My head still bleeds amain !
'Twas there the bullet enter'd,
When thou wert from me ta'en.

“ With my long tresses, Henry,
I'll stanch the bleeding wound,
And drive the blood-stream backward,
And make thy head thus sound.”

So gently, sweetly pray'd she,
I could not spurn her prayer ;
I sought to rise and hasten
To join my mistress fair.

Then all my wounds 'gan bleeding,
Then, wildly rushing, broke
From head and breast the bloodstream,
And lo !—from sleep I woke.

70.

THE numbers old and evil,
The dreams so harrowing,
Let's bury all together—
A mighty coffin bring!

I'll place there much, but say not
What 'tis, till all is done;
The coffin must be larger
Than Heidelberg's vast tun.

And also bring a death-bier,
Of boards full stout and sound;
They also must be longer
Than Mayence bridge renown'd.

And also bring twelve giants
Whose strength of limb excels
Saint Christopher's, whose shrine in
Cologne Cathedral dwells.

The coffin they must carry,
And sink beneath the wave;
For such a mighty coffin
Must have a mighty grave.

Why was the coffin, tell me,
So great and hard to move?
I in it placed my sorrows,
And in it placed my love.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

THE May is here with all its golden gleams,
 Its silky breezes, and its spicy odors ;
 Kindly it beckons with its snowy blooms,
 Greets us from countless azure violet eyes,
 Spreads a green carpet out, begemm'd with
 flowers,

Dappled with sunshine and with morning dew,
 And calls on earth's dear sons to come abroad.
 To her first call they, simple folk, give ear.
 The men put on their breeches of nankin,
 And Sunday coats, with-buttons golden-bright ;
 In innocent white the women robe themselves ;
 The young men trim mustachios still in bud ;
 The girls allow their bosoms fuller play ;
 The poets of the town their pockets fill
 With paper, pencil, and field-glass ; and so
 The giddy throng make for the gate with shouts,
 And camp outside upon the verdant grass,
 Marvel how busily the trees do grow,
 Play with the delicate many-tinted flowers,
 List to the carols of the sportive birds,
 And shout aloft to the blue vault of heaven.

The May came to me also. At my door
 Thrice did she knock and cry, "I am the May !
 Thou pale-faced dreamer, I will kiss thee !
 Come !"

I kept my door close bolted, and cried out :
 "In vain thou lurest me, thou ill-starr'd guest ;
 I have seen through thee, ay, seen through and
 through

The fabric of the world, have seen too much,
 And far too deeply—all my joy is flown,
 And ceaseless pangs have seized upon my heart.
 I look right through the hard and stony husks

Of human houses and of human hearts,
 And see in both lies, and deceit and woe.
 Upon men's faces I can read their thoughts—
 Bad, many. In the maiden's blush of shame
 I see the throbbing of concealed desire ;
 Upon the young enthusiast's haughty head
 I see the motley jester's cap and bells ;
 And on the earth I see but shapes grotesque
 And sickly phantoms, and I know not if
 It be a madhouse or an hospital.
 I look down to the base of the old earth,
 As though it were of crystal, and I see
 The ghastly things that with her gladsome green
 May vainly strives to hide. I see the dead ;
 Penn'd in their narrow coffins low they lie
 With folded hands, with vacant staring eyes,
 And through their lips the yellow blind-worms
 crawl.

I see the son, his paramour with him,
 Sit down for pastime on his father's grave ;
 The nightingales sing mocking songs around ;
 The gentle meadow-flowers grin bitter scorn ;
 Within his grave the sleeping father stirs,
 And spasms of pain convulse old mother earth.

Thou hapless earth, thy miseries I know !
 I see the fever raging in thy breast ;
 I see thee bleeding from a thousand veins ;
 I see thy wounds, how they burst wide agape,
 And from them flames gush out, and smoke, and
 blood.

I see thy all-defying giant sons,
 Primeval brood, from dusky chasms ascending,
 And swinging flaming torches in their hands.
 They fix their iron ladders, and dash up
 Madly to storm the citadel of heaven ;
 And swarthy dwarfs climb after them, and all

The golden stars above crash into dust.
 With reckless hands they tear the golden curtain
 From God's own tent ; the angel hosts fall down
 Upon their faces with a piercing cry ;

* * * * *

Near and more near the rabble rout sweeps on ;
 The giants hurl their blazing brands afar
 Through the vast firmament ; the dwarfs with
 thongs
 Of quick flame scourge the angels, where they
 lie,
 Who writhe and cower in agonies of pain,
 And by the hair are dragg'd perforce away :
 And mine own angel 'mongst the rest I see,
 With his fair locks, and gracious lineaments,
 With love that cannot die about his lips,
 And in his azure eyes the calm of bliss ;—
 And a black goblin, hideous to the sight,
 Snatches him up, that angel pale of mine,
 Eyes over with a grin his noble limbs,
 Clutches him tight with a caressing gripe—
 Then rings a wild shriek through the universe ;
 The pillars topple, earth and heaven collapse,
 And ancient Night resumes her ghastly reign.

RATCLIFF.

INTO a country place the Dream-god took me,
 Where weeping-willows waved a welcome to me
 With their long verdant arms, and where the
 flowers
 With sisterly sage eyes look'd calmly at me ;
 Where the birds twittered fearlessly around me,

Where even the dogs' bark seem'd well known to
me,

And moving shapes and voices greeted me
As a familiar friend, and yet where all
Struck me as strange, so weirdly, wildly strange !
Within my breast was tumult, in my head
A perfect calm ; and calmly I shook off
The dust of travel from my clothes ; the bell
Rang shrilly, and the door flew open wide.

Within were men and women, many old
Familiar faces. A mute sorrow lay
On all, and secret shrinking pain. With looks
Strangely confused and piteous did they eye me,
Whereon a shuddering fear ran through my soul,
Prophetic of disaster yet unknown.

Anon I recognized old Margaret.
I fix'd my eyes upon her, but she spoke not.
"Where is Maria?" I said ; and still she spoke
not,

But took me gently by the hand and led me
Through a long range of chambers brightly lit,
Where wealth and pomp and deathlike silence
reign'd.

At last she led me to a darken'd room,
And pointed, with averted face the while,
To a figure seated on a sofa there.

"Are you Maria?" I inquired. I felt
An inward wonder at the gayety
With which I spoke. Metallic, stony hard
A voice resounded, "So the people call me!"

On this a cutting pang pierced me like ice,
For that cavernous chilly sound was yet
Maria's voice which was so sweet of yore--
That woman in the faded lilac dress,
Flung loosely on, with bosom all unbraced,
Her eyes set in a glassy stare, the muscles

Of her pale cheeks relax'd and leather-like—
Ah me ! that woman was Maria, once
So bright, so fair, so framed to kindle love !
“ You have been long upon the road ? ” she cried,
In an uncanny, strange, familiar way.
“ You look no longer delicate, dear friend ;
You are well, and sturdiness in thigh and calf
Betokens solid health ! ” A winning smile
Trembled about the pallid saffron lips.
In my confusion the words blurted out
“ They told me you were married ! ” “ Yes, oh,
yes ! ”

Her voice was loud and reckless, and she smiled ;
“ I have a wooden stick, that is encased
In leather, calls me spouse ; still, wood is wood ! ”
And then she laugh'd a grating, toneless laugh,
That sent a chilling anguish through my soul,
And there came over me the doubt—Are these
Maria's lips, the pure, the flowerlike-pure ?
But, as she spoke, she rose, caught quickly up
A cashmere from the sofa, threw it round
Her shoulders, put her arm in mine, and so
Led me away, pass'd through the open house-
door,
And took me on through field and wood and
glade.

The sun's red disk, a ball of fire, was low
Within the heavens, its purple blazed across
The trees, the flowers, the meadows, and the
stream,
That in the distance flow'd majestic.
“ Dost see the mighty golden eye that gleams
In the blue ether ? ” suddenly she cried.
“ Hush, thou poor soul ! ” I said, and on me
grew
A fairy vision in the fading light.

Out of the meadows misty shapes arose,
With white thin arms about each other twined.
The violets eyed each other tenderly ;
Fondly the lily bells bent each to each,
On all the roses passionate ardors glow'd,
And the carnations breathed out burning breath ;
In wealth of fragrance revell'd all the flowers,
And all wept tears of silent ecstasy,
And with one voice they sigh'd forth, " Love,
Love, Love !"

The butterfly flashed to and fro, the bright
Anemones their fairy carols humm'd,
The evening breezes whisper'd, the oaks rustled,
The nightingale sang silver-toned and clear ;
And amid all the whispering, rustling, singing,
Prattled with cold metallic tuneless voice
The faded she, that hung upon my arm.
" I know their doings at the castle nightly :
Yonder long phantom is a good kind soul,
He nods and becks to everything one wants ;
The blue-coat is an angel ; but the red,
With the bare sword, he is your deadly foe ;"
And much else that was odd and marvellous
She went on prattling, and at length, tired out,
She sat down with me on a mossy bank,
That spread its velvet 'neath the aged oaks.

So sat we there together, still and sad,
Gazed each on each, and ever sadder grew.
The oak moan'd as with sighs of dying men ;
The nightingales sang threnodies o'erhead ;
Still through the leaves a red light made its way ;
It play'd around Maria's pallid face,
And drew out fire from her set, staring eyes ;
And with the sweet voice of old times she said,
" How didst thou know I am so wretched ? I
Read of it lately in thy frenzied songs."

A chill like ice went through my breast—I
 shudder'd
 At my own mad impatience to behold
 The future—darkness settled on my brain,
 And out of very horror I awoke.

DONNA CLARA.

IN the garden, 'neath the twilight,
 The Alcaidè's daughter wanders ;
 Drum and trump send festal music
 Downwards from the castle ramparts.

“ Tedious are to me the dances,
 And the honeyed words that flatter,
 And the knights who, debonairly,
 With the sun himself compare me.

“ Everything is doubly tedious,
 Since I saw, beneath the moonlight,
 Yonder knight, who to my casement
 With his lute o' nights has lured me.

“ Oh, how brave he looked, and slender !
 And his eyes shot piercing splendors
 From his face so nobly pallid.
 Truly he St. George resembled !”

In this wise mused Donna Clara ;
 On the ground her eyes were poring ;
 Looking up, there stands the comely
 Unknown Paladin before her.

Hand-locked, murmuring loving whispers,
 In the moonlight they go dreaming ;
 And the zephyr fans them softly,
 Fairy-like the roses greet them.

Fairy-like the roses greet them,
Like Love's heralds, all a-glowing.
"Tell me wherefore, love, thou turnest
All at once so flushed and rosy?"

"'Twas a gnat that stung me, dearest ;
And these gnats in summer weather
Are to me as odious, as though
They were long-nosed Hebrew vermin."

"Think not, sweet, of gnats or Hebrews !"
Says the knight, in accents fondling.
"From the chestnut trees in thousands
Flakes of snow-white blooms are falling.

"Flakes of snow-white blooms in thousands
Breathe around delicious odors.
Ah ! my own belovèd, tell me,
Is thy heart mine, all mine, only?"

"Yes, I love thee. O my darling,
By the Saviour blest I swear it,
Whom the Jews, of heaven accursèd,
In their malice murdered basely !"

"Name not Saviour ! name not Hebrews !"
Says the knight, in accents wooing,
"Yonder like a dream, are waving
Milk-white lilies bathed in moonshine.

"Milk-white lilies, bathed in moonshine,
On the stars aloft are brooding :
Ah ! my own belovèd, tell me,
Hast thou, too, not sworn untruly?"

"Untruth is not in me, dearest,
As within me there can be not
One small drop of blood of Moor, nor
Of that filthy race of Hebrews !"

“ Think not, sweet, of Moor or Hebrew !”
Says the knight, in tones caressing ;
And he leads the Alcaidè's daughter
Onwards to a grove of myrtles.

Stealthily love's silken meshes
He has round and round her woven !
Few the words and long the kisses,
And their hearts are overflowing.

Sings the nightingale, low-fluting,
As 'twere some bride-song ecstatic ;
And along the ground the glow-worms
As in mazy torch-dance scatter.

In the grove the hush grows deeper ;
Naught is heard save through the silence
Prudent myrtles, lowly lisping,
And the flowers their fragrance sighing.

Of a sudden from the castle
Comes the blare of drum and clarion ;
And, awaking, Donna Clara
Steals from the embrace that clasps her.

“ Hark ! they call me, O my darling !
But thou shalt, before we sever,
Tell me thy dear name, by thee, love,
Kept so long from me a secret.”

And the lover, smiling gayly,
Kissed the fingers of his Donna—
Kissed her lips, and eyes, and forehead,
And her thus at length accosted :

“ I, Señora, your belovèd,
Am the son of the high-honor'd,
Far-famed, and most learned Rabbi,
Israel of Saragossa.”

ALMANSOR.

I.

IN fair Cordova's cathedral
 Stand the columns, thirteen hundred—
 Thirteen hundred giant-columns
 Bear the mighty dome in safety.

And on dome and walls and columns
 From the very top to bottom
 The Koran's Arabian proverbs
 Twine in wise and flowery fashion.

Moorish Kings erected whilome
 This vast house to Allah's glory,
 Yet in many parts 'tis alter'd
 In the darksome whirl of ages.

On the turret where the watchman
 Summon'd unto prayer the people,
 Now the Christian bell is sounding
 With its melancholy murmur.

On the steps whereon the faithful
 Used to sing the Prophet's sayings,
 Now baldpated priests exhibit
 All the mass's trivial wonders.

How they twirl before the color'd
 Puppets, full of antic capers,
 Midst the incense smoke and ringing,
 While the senseless tapers sparkle !

In fair Cordova's cathedral
 Stands Almansor ben Abdullah,
 Viewing silently the columns,
 And these words in silence murmuring :

“ Oh, ye columns, strong, gigantic,
Once adorn'd in Allah's glory,
Now must ye pay humble homage
To this Christendom detested.

“ To the times have ye submitted,
And ye bear the burden calmly ;
Still more reason for the weaker
To be patient all the sooner.”

And Almansor ben Abdullah
Bent his head with face unruffled
O'er the font so decorated
In fair Cordova's cathedral.

II.

The cathedral left he quickly,
On his wild steed speeding onward,
While his moist locks and the feathers
In his hat the wind is moving.

On the road to Alcolea,
By the side of Guadalquivir,
Where the snowy almond blossoms,
And the fragrant golden orange,

Thither hastes the merry rider,
Piping, singing, laughing gaily,
And the birds all swell the chorus,
And the torrent's noisy waters.

In the fort at Alcolea
Dwelleth Clara de Alvares ;
In Navarre her sire is fighting,
And she revels in her freedom.

And afar Almansor heareth
Sounds of kettle-drums and trumpets,
And the castle lights beholds he
Glittering through the trees' dark shadows.

In the fort at Alcolea
Dance twelve gayly trick'd-out ladies
With twelve knights attired as gayly,
But Almansor's the best dancer.

As if wing'd by merry fancies,
Round about the hall he flutters,
Knowing how to all the ladies
To address sweet flattering speeches.

Isabella's lovely hands he
Kisses quickly, and then leaves her,
And before Elvira stands he,
Looking in her face so archly.

He in turns assures each lady
That he heartily adores her ;
" On the true faith of a Christian "
Swears he thirty times that evening.

III.

In the fort at Alcolea
Merriment and noise have ceased now,
Knights and ladies all have vanish'd,
And the lights are all extinguish'd.

Donna Clara and Almansor
In the hall above still linger,
And one single lamp is throwing
On them both its feeble lustre.

On the seat the lady's sitting,
And the knight upon the footstool,
And his head, by sleep o'erpower'd,
On her darling knees is resting.

From a golden flask some rose-oil
Pours the lady, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses—
From his inmost bosom sighs he.

With her soft lips then the lady
Gives a sweet kiss, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses—
And his brow is clouded over.

From her light eyes tears in torrents
Weeps the lady, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses—
And his lips begin to quiver.

And he dreams he's once more standing
With his head bent down and weeping
In fair Cordova's cathedral,
Many gloomy voices hearing.

All the lofty giant-columns
Hears he murmuring full of anger—
That no longer will they bear it,
And they totter and they tremble.

And they wildly fall together,
Pale turn all the priests and people,
Crashing falls the dome upon them,
And the Christian gods wail loudly.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

THE mother stood at the window ;
 Her son lay in bed, alas !
 " Will you not get up, dear William,
 To see the procession pass ? "

" O mother, I am so ailing,
 I neither can hear nor see ;
 I think of my poor dead Gretchen,
 And my heart grows faint in me. "

" Get up, we will go to Kevlaar ;
 Your book and rosary take ;
 The Mother of God will heal you,
 And cure your heart of its ache. "

The Church's banners are waving,
 They are chanting a hymn divine ;
 'Tis at Cöllen is that procession,
 At Cöllen upon the Rhine.

With the throng the mother follows ;
 Her son she leads him ; and now
 They both of them sing in the chorus,
 " Ever honored, O Mary, be thou ! "

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
 Is drest in her richest array ;
 She has many a cure on hand there,
 Many sick folk come to her to-day.

And her, for their votive offerings,
 The suffering sick folk greet

With limbs that in wax are moulded,
Many waxen hands and feet.

And whoso a wax hand offers,
His hand is healed of its sore ;
And whoso a wax foot offers,
His foot it will pain him no more.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches
Who now on the tight-rope bound,
And many play now on the fiddle
Had there not one finger sound.

The mother she took a wax taper,
And of it a heart she makes ;
“ Give that to the Mother of Jesus,
She will cure thee of all thy aches.”

With a sigh her son took the wax heart,
He went to the shrine with a sigh ;
His words from his heart trickle sadly,
As trickle the tears from his eye.

“ Thou blest above all that are blessed,
Thou virgin unspotted, divine,
Thou Queen of the Heavens, before thee
I lay all my anguish and pine.

“ I lived with my mother at Cöllen,
At Cöllen in the town that is there,
The town that has hundreds many
Of chapels and churches fair.

“ And Gretchen she lived there near us,
But now she is dead, well-a-day !
O Mary ! a wax-heart I bring thee,
Heal thou my heart's wound, I pray !

“ Heal thou my heart of its anguish,
 And early and late, I vow,
 With its whole strength to pray and to sing, too,
 ‘ Ever honor’d, O Mary, be thou ! ’ ”

III.

The suffering son and his mother
 In their little bedchamber slept ;
 Then the Mother of God came softly,
 And close to the sleepers crept.

She bent down over the sick one,
 And softly her hand did lay
 On his heart, with a smile so tender,
 And presently vanish’d away.

The mother sees all in her dreaming,
 And other things too she mark’d ;
 Then up from her slumber she waken’d,
 So loudly the town dogs bark’d.

There lay her son, to his full length
 Stretch’d out, and he was dead ;
 And the light on his pale cheek flitted
 Of the morning’s dawning red.

She folded her hands together,
 She felt as she knew not how,
 And softly she sang and devoutly,
 “ Ever honor’d, O Mary, be thou ! ”

 THE DREAM.

(From *Salon*.)

A VISION I dreamt of a lovely child,
 She wore her hair in tresses ;
 In the blue nights of summer so calm and mild
 We sat in the greenwood’s recesses.

In mutual rapture and torture we vied,
We loved and exchanged loving kisses ;
The yellow stars in the heavens all sigh'd
And seem'd to envy our blisses.

I now am awake, and around me gaze
In the darkness, alone and despairing ;
The stars in the heavens are shedding their rays
In silence and all-uncaring.

NEW POEMS.

I. SERAPHINA.

I.

WHEN at evening in the forest,
In the dreamlike wood I rove,
Ever doth thy slender figure
Close beside me softly move.

See I not thy gentle features?
Is it not thy veil that stirs?
Can it be the moonlight only
Breaking through the gloomy firs?

Can it be mine own tears only
That I hear all-lightly flow?
Or, my loved one, dost thou really
Close beside me weeping go?

2.

O'ER the silent strand of ocean
Night appears in gloomy splendor;
From the clouds the moon is breaking,
As the waves these whispers send her:

“Yonder mortal, is he foolish,
Or is he by love tormented,
That he looks so sad, yet joyous,
So distress'd, yet so contented?”

But the moon, with smiles replying,
Loudly said : " Full well I know it ;
He is both in love and foolish,
And moreover is a poet."

3.

'TIS surely a snow-white seamew
That I see fluttering there
Just over the darksome billows ;
The moon stands high in the air.

The shark and the ray snap fiercely
From out of the wave, and stare ;
The seamew is rising and falling,
The moon stands high in the air.

O dear and wandering spirit,
So sad and full of despair !
Too near art thou to the water,
The moon stands high in the air.

4.

I KNEW that thou didst love me,
I knew it long, dear maid ;
Yet when thou didst confess it
I felt full sore afraid.

I clamber'd up the mountain
With loud exulting song,
At sunset rambled weeping
The ocean shore along.

The sun my heart resembleth,
So flaming to the sight,
And in a loving ocean
It setteth, great and bright.

5.

How curiously the seamew
Looks over at us, dear,
Because against thy lips I
So firmly press my ear !

She maybe would discover
What from thy mouth did flow—
If words alone or kisses
Thou in my ear didst throw.

O could I but decipher
What 'tis that fills my mind !
The words are with the kisses
So wondrously combined.

6.

As timid as the roe she fled,
And with its fleetness vying ;
She clamber'd on from crag to crag,
Her hair behind her flying.

Where to the sea the cliffs descend,
At length I caught the rover ;
And gently there with gentle words
Her coy heart soon won over.

High as the heavens we sat, both fill'd
With heavenly blest emotion ;
Beneath us by degrees the sun
Sank in the dark deep ocean.

In the dark sea beneath us far
The beauteous sun sank proudly ;
The billows with impetuous joy
Were meanwhile roaring loudly.

Weep not, the sun in yonder waves
Hath not forever perish'd,
But lieth hidden in my heart,
Where all its glow is cherish'd.

7.

GRAY night broodeth o'er the ocean,
And the tiny stars are sparkling ;
Long protracted voices oft-times
Sound from out the billows darkling.

There the aged north wind sporteth
With the glassy waves of ocean,
Which like organ pipes are skipping
With a never-ceasing motion.

Partly heathenish, partly churchlike,
Strangely doth this music move us,
As it rises boldly upwards,
Gladdening e'en the stars above us.

And the stars, still larger growing,
With a radiant joy are gleaming,
And at length around the heavens
Roam, with sunlike lustre beaming.

To far-reaching strains of music
They revolve in madden'd legions ;
Sunny nightingales are circling
In those fair and blissful regions.

With a mighty roar and crashing,
Sea and heaven alike are singing,
And I feel a giant-rapture
Wildly through my bosom ringing.

8.

SHADOWY love and shadowy kisses,
 Shadowy life, how wondrous strange !
 Fool, dost think, then, that all this is
 Ever true and free from change ?

Like an empty dream hath vanish'd
 All we loved with love so deep ;
 Memory from the heart is banish'd,
 And the eyes are closed in sleep.

9.

THE maid stood by the ocean,
 And long and deep sigh'd she
 With heartfelt sad emotion,
 The setting sun to see.

Sweet maiden, why this fretting ?
 An olden trick is here ;
 Although before us setting,
 He rises in our rear.

10.

WITH sails all black my ship sails on
 Far over the raging sea ;
 Thou know'st full well how sad am I,
 And yet tormentest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind,
 And flutters ceaselessly ;
 With sails all black my ship sails on
 Far over the raging sea.

11.

THOUGH shamefully thou didst entreat me,
 To no man would I e'er unfold it.

But travell'd far over the billows,
And unto the fishes I told it.

I've left thee thy good reputation
With earth and the beings upon her,
But every depth of the ocean
Knows fully thy tale of dishonor.

12.

THE roaring waves are dashing
High on the strand ;
They're swelling and they're crashing
Over the sand.

They come in noisy fashion
Unceasingly—
At length burst into passion—
But what care we ?

13.

THE Runic stone 'mongst the waves stands high.
There sit I, with thoughts far roaming ;
The wind pipes loudly, the seamews cry,
The billows are curling and foaming.

I've loved full many a charming girl,
Loved many a comrade proudly—
Where are they now ? The billows curl
And foam, and the wind pipes loudly.

14.

THE sea appears all golden
Beneath the sunlit sky,
O let me there be buried,
My brethren, when I die.

The sea I have always loved so,
 It oft hath cool'd my breast
 With its refreshing billows,
 Each in the other's love blest.

II. ANGELICA.

I.

Now that heaven my wish hath granted,
 Why be dumb, like mutes inglorious—
 I who, when unhappy, chanted
 Of my woe with noise uproarious,

Till a thousand youths despairing
 Sang like me with voices hollow,
 And the song I sang uncaring
 Made still greater mischief follow?

O ye nightingale-like chorus,
 That I bear within my spirit,
 Let your song of joy rise o'er us
 Merrily, that all may hear it.

2.

ONCE more behind thee thou wert looking,
 Swiftly as thou didst past me glide,
 With open mouth, as if inquiring,
 And in thy look a stormy pride.

O that I ne'er had sought to grasp it,
 That flowing robe of snowy white!
 The little foot's enchanting traces,
 O that they ne'er had met my sight!

Thy wildness now indeed hath vanish'd,
Like other women tame art thou,
And mild, and somewhat over-civil,
And, ah, thou even lov'st me now.

3.

I'LL not credit, youthful beauty,
What thy bashful lips may say ;
Eyes so black and large and rolling
Are not much in virtue's way.

Strip away this brown-striped falsehood—
Well and truly love I thee ;
Let thy white heart kiss me, dearest—
White heart, understand'st thou me ?

4.

UPON her mouth I give a kiss,
And close her either eye ;
She gives me now no peace for this,
But asks the reason why.

From night to morn, because of this,
This is her constant cry :
“When on my mouth thou giv'st a kiss,
Why close my either eye ?”

I tell her not the cause of this,
Nor know the reason why,
Yet on her mouth I give a kiss,
And close her either eye.

5.

WHEN I am made blest with kisses delicious,
And lie in thine arms, O in that happy season

Thou ne'er must discourse of Germany, dear-
est—

It spoils my digestion—there's plenty of reason.

With Germany leave me in peace, I implore
thee,

Thou must not torment me with question on
question

Of home and relations and manner of living—

There's plenty of reason—it spoils my diges-
tion.

The oaks there are green, and blue are the dear
eyes

Of German women ; they sigh as they please
on

The blisses of love and of hope and religion—

It spoils my digestion—there's plenty of rea-
son.

6.

WHILST I after other people
And their treasures have been prying,
And with ever-restless yearning,
At strange doors of love been spying,

Probably those other people
Have been taking their own pleasure
Similarly, and been ogling
At my window my own treasure.

This is human ! God in heaven
In our every action guard us !
God in heaven give us blessings,
And with happiness reward us !

7.

O YES, thou art my ideal forsooth,
 I've often confirmed it till dizzy
 With kisses and oaths unnumber'd in truth ;—
 To-day I however am busy.

Return to-morrow between two and three,
 And then a fresh-kindled passion
 Shall prove my love, and afterward we
 Will dine in a friendly fashion.

And if I in time the tickets receive,
 We'll join in a merry revel,
 And go to the Opera, where I believe
 They're playing Robert the Devil.

A wondrous magic play is here,
 With devils' loves and curses ;
 The music is by Meyerbeer,
 By Scribe the wretched verses.

8.

DISMISS me not, although thy thirst
 The pleasant draught has still'd ;
 Some three months longer keep me on,
 Till I too have been fill'd.

If thou my love canst not remain,
 O be my friend, I pray ;
 For when one has outloved one's love,
 Friendship may have its way.

9.

THIS wild carnival of loving,
 This delirium of our bosoms
 Comes unto an end, and now we
 Soberly gape on each other !

Drain'd the cup is to the bottom,
 Brimming with intoxication,
 Foaming, glowing to the margin ;
 Drain'd the cup is to the bottom

And the fiddles too are silent,
 Which for dancing gave the signal,
 Signal for the dance of passion ;
 Yes, the fiddles too are silent.

And the lamps too are extinguish'd,
 Which their wild light shed so brightly
 On the masquerade exciting ;
 Yes, the lamps too are extinguish'd.

And to-morrow comes Ash-Wednesday,
 When I'll sign upon thy forehead
 With the cross of ashes, saying :
 " Woman, that thou'rt dust, forget not."

10.

O HOW rapidly develop
 From mere fugitive sensations
 Passions that are fierce and boundless,
 Tenderest associations !

Tow'rds this lady grows the bias
 Of my heart on each occasion,
 And that I'm enamored of her
 Has become my firm persuasion.

Beauteous is her spirit. Truly
 Thus I learn to rise superior
 To the overpowering beauty
 Of her form and mere exterior.

Ah, what hips ! and, ah, what forehead !
Ah, what nose ! Could aught serener
Be than this sweet smile she's wearing ?
And how noble her demeanor !

II.

AH, how fair art thou, whenever
Thou thy mind disclorest sweetly,
And thy language with the grandest
Sentiments o'erflows discreetly !

When thou tell'st me how thou always
Worthily and nobly thoughtest ;
How unto thy pride of heart thou
Greatest sacrifices broughtest !

How with countless millions even
Men could woo and win thee never ;
Sooner than be sold for money
Thou wouldst quit this world forever.

And I stand before thee, listening
To the end with due emotion ;
Like an image mute of faith, I
Fold my hands with meek devotion.

I2.

HAVE no fear, dear soul, I pray thee,
Thou art safe here evermore ;
Fear not lest they'll take away thee
For I'll forthwith bar the door.

Though the wind may roar around us,
It will do no mischief here ;
That a fire may not confound us,
Let us put the light out, dear !

Let me in mine arm, dear small one,
 Thy enchanting neck enfold ;
 In the absence of a shawl, one
 Gets so very quickly cold.

III. DIANA.

I.

THESE fair limbs, of size so massive,
 Of colossal womanhood,
 Now are, in a yielding mood,
 Under my embraces passive.

Had I, with unbridled passion,
 Trusting in my strength drawn near,
 I had soon had cause for fear !
 She had thrashed me in strange fashion.

How her bosom, neck, throat charm me
 (Higher I can scarcely see) ;
 Ere alone I'd with her be,
 Pray I that she may not harm me.

2.

'T WAS in the Bay of Biscay
 That she first saw the light ;
 Two kittens in the cradle
 She squeezed to death outright.

Across the Pyrenees she
 With feet uncover'd ran ;
 Then for her size gigantic
 Was shown at Perpignan.

She's now the grandest dame in
The Faubourg Saint-Denis,
Where unto small Sir William
Some thousand pounds cost she.

3.

OFTEN when I am with thee,
Much-beloved and noble lady,
The remembrance steals o'er me
Of Bologna's market shady.

There a massive fount doth stand—
'Tis the Giants' Fountain pretty—
With a Neptune, by the hand
Of Giovanni of that city.

IV. HORTENSE.

I.

ONCE I thought each kiss a woman
Gives us, or receives instead,
By some influence superhuman
Was from old predestinèd.

I both took and gave back willing
Kisses then as earnestly
As if I were but fulfilling
Actions of necessity.

Kisses are superfluous—this I
Have discover'd on life's stage,
And with small concern now kiss I
Heedless of the surplusage.

2.

BESIDE the corner of the street
 We stood in fond communion
 For full an hour, and talked about
 Our spirits' loving union.

We loved each other—this we said
 A hundred times repeating ;
 Beside the corner of the street
 We stood, and went on greeting.

The Goddess of Occasion, brisk
 As waiting maids, and sprightly,
 Pass'd by that way and saw us stand,
 And smiled, and went on lightly.

3.

IN all my dreams by daytime,
 In all my watchings nightly,
 Thy sweet delicious laughter
 Rings through my spirit lightly.

Remember'st Montmorency,
 Where, on the donkey riding,
 Thou fell'st among the thistles,
 From off the saddle gliding ?

The ass stood still, the thistles
 Demurely looking after—
 I never shall forget, love,
 Thy sweet delicious laughter.

4.

(She speaks.)

IN the garden fair a tree stands,
 And an apple hangeth there,
 And around the trunk a serpent
 Coils himself, and I can ne'er
 From the serpent's eyes enchanting
 Turn away my troubled sight,
 And he whispers words alluring,
 And enthralls me with delight.

(The other one speaks.)

'Tis the fruit of life thou spyest—
 Its delicious flavor taste,
 That thy life until thou diest
 May not be forever waste !
 Darling dove, sweet child, no sighing !
 Quickly taste, and never fear ;
 Follow my advice, relying
 On thy aunt's sage counsel, dear.

5.

ON my newly-tuned guitar I
 Play new tunes that seem much fitter
 Old the text is, for the words are
 Solomon's : A woman's bitter.

To her husband she is faithless,
 And she treats her friend with malice ;
 Wormwood are the last remaining
 Drops in love's once-golden chalice.

Tell me, is the ancient legend
 Of the curse of sin no libel ?

Did the serpent bring it on thee,
As recorded in the Bible?

Creeping on the earth, the serpent
Lurks in every bush around thee,
Still, as formerly, caresses,
And her hisses still confound thee.

Ah, how cold and dark 'tis growing !
Round the sun the ravens hover
Croakingly, and love and rapture
Now forevermore are over.

6.

THE bliss that thou didst falsely pledge
For but a short time cheated ;
Thine image, like a vision false,
Soon from my bosom fled.

The morning came, the mist soon fled,
Before the sun's rays splendid ;
And well-nigh ere it had commenced,
Our passing fondness ended.

V. CLARISSA.

I.

ALL my charming loving offers
Thou art eagerly declining ;
If I say : " Is this refusal ?"
Thou at once beginnest whining.

Seldom pray I, but now hear me,
Gracious God ! O help this maiden !
Dry her sweet tears, and enlighten
Her poor brains so sorrow-laden !

2.

WHERESOEVER thou mayst wander,
Thou dost every hour behold me,
And I love thee all the fonder,
When thou dost rebuke and scold me.

Charming malice will ensnare me,
While I hate a kindly action ;
And the surest way to scare me,
Is to love me to distraction.

3.

MAY the devil take thy mother
And thy father, for their cruel
Conduct at the play, in hiding
Thee from me, my precious jewel !

There they sat, their spreading dresses
Leaving but few spaces only
Through the which to spy thee sitting
In the box's rear, all lonely.

There they sat, and saw two lovers
Both destroy'd, with eyes admiring ;
And they clapp'd a loud approval
When they saw them both expiring.

4.

Go not through the naughty quarters
Where the pretty eyes are living ;
Ah, they fain would spare their lightnings
With a semblance of forgiving.

From the high bow-window looking
 In a loving way they greet thee,
 Smiling kindly (death and devil !)
 Sister-like their glances meet thee.

But thou'rt on thy way already,
 And in vain is all thy striving ;
 Thou wilt have a very breastful
 Of distress, when home arriving.

5.

It comes too late, thy present smiling,
 It comes too late, thy present sigh !
 The feelings all long since have perish'd
 That thou didst spurn so cruelly.

Too late has come thy love responsive,
 My heart thou vainly seek'st to stir
 With burning looks of love, all falling
 Like sunbeams on a sepulchre.

* * * * *

This would I learn : when life is ended,
 O whither doth our spirit go ?
 Where is the flame when once extinguish'd ;
 The wind, when it hath ceased to blow ?

6.

WOUNDED, in distress, and sickly,
 On a lovely summer's morrow
 Men I fly, and bury quickly
 In the wood my bitter sorrow.

As I move, in mute compassion
 All the noisy birds are vying ;
 At my grief in wondrous fashion
 Each dark linden tree is sighing.

In the vale I sadly sit on
 Some green bank, sweet balm exhaling ;
 " Kitten ! O my pretty kitten !"
 And the hills repeat my wailing.

Kitten ! O my pretty kitten !
 Why delightest thou to do ill ?
 Sadly is my poor heart smitten
 By thy tiger-talons cruel.

For my heart, grown stern and sadden'd,
 Long had been to joy a stranger,
 Till by new love I was gladden'd
 At thy sight, and fear'd no danger.

Thou in secret seem'dst to mew thus :
 " Have no fear of being bitten ;
 Prythee trust me when I sue thus,
 I'm a very gentle kitten."

* * * * *

7.

WHILST sweet Philomel in airy
 Woods at random sings and wildly,
 Thou preferrest the canary
 Doubtless, as it flutters mildly.

In the cage I see thee feeding
 This small bird, so tame and yellow,
 And it picks thy fingers, pleading
 For some sugar, pretty fellow !

Charming is the scene and moving !
 Angels must enjoy the notion !
 I myself, with look approving,
 Drop a tear of deep emotion.

8.

WITH wedding gifts the spring has arrived,
 With music and exultation ;
 It brings the bridegroom and the bride
 Its hearty congratulation.

It brings its violets, rosebuds fair,
 And jasmine and herbs sweet-scented,
 And for the bride asparagus too—
 The bridegroom's with salad contented.

9.

GOD protect thee from o'erheating,
 And thy heart from palpitation,
 Keep thee from excessive eating,
 And excessive perspiration.

As upon thy day of marriage
 May thy love be ever blessèd
 Ne'er the bridal yoke disparage !
 Be thy frame with health possessèd !

10.

PRETTY maid, if so inclined,
 Thou mayest now thus think anent me :
 This man's conduct is unkind,
 For he's seeking to torment me ;—

Me, who never said a word
That could possibly offend him ;
Who, when others' blame I heard,
Did my utmost to befriend him.

Me, who had resolved in fact
By-and-by to love him dearly,
Had he not begun to act
As if he were frantic nearly !

II.

How thou snarlest, laughest, broodest.
How thou in ill humor twistest,
When thou, to all love a stranger
Yet on jealousy existest !

'Tis not red and fragrant roses
Thou dost smell and love so dearly ;
No, amongst the thorns thou sniffest,
Till they scratch thy nose severely.

 VI. YOLANTE AND MARY.

I.

BOTH these ladies know by instinct
How a poet well to treat,
For they ask'd me and my genius
Luncheon with them once to eat.

Ah ! the soup was quite delicious,
And the wine was old and rare,
And the game was really heavenly
And well-larded was the hare.

They of poetry kept talking,
 Till I had enough at last,
 And I thank'd them for the honor
 Of this very kind repast.

2.

WITH which shall I become enamor'd,
 Since both are lovable and mild?
 The mother's still a pretty woman,
 The daughter is a pretty child.

The white and inexperienced members
 Are very pleasant to the view,
 And yet the genial eyes that answer
 Our tenderness are charming too.

My heart the jackass gray resembles,
 Who when 'twixt two hay-bundles placed,
 Eyes them with hesitation, doubting
 Which of the two the best will taste.

3.

THE bottles are empty, the breakfast was good,
 The ladies are gay and impassion'd ;
 They open their corsets in right merry mood,
 Methinks they with point lace are fashion'd.

Their bosoms how fair ! their shoulders how
 white !
 My heart is soon trembling all over ;
 They presently jump on the bed with delight,
 And hide themselves under the cover.

The curtains around them before long they pull,
And snore away, free from intrusion ;
I stand in the chamber alone, like a fool,
And stare at the bed in confusion.

4.

Now that I'm fast growing older,
Youth's by keener fire replaced,
And my arm, becoming bolder,
Circles many a loving waist.

Though at first they were affrighted,
Yet they soon were reconcil'd ;
Modest doubts and wrath united
Were o'ercome by flattery mild.

Yet the best of all is wanting
When I taste my victory ;
Can it be my youth's enchanting
Bashful weak stupidity ?

5.

THIS tricolor'd flow'r now worn is
In my breast, to show I'm free,
Proving that my heart freeborn is,
And a foe to slavery.

Sweet Queen Mary, who thy quarters
In my heart hast fix'd, pray list :
Many of earth's fairest daughters
There have reign'd, then been dismiss'd.

VII. EMMA.

I.

HE stands as firm as a tree stem,
 In heat and tempest and frost ;
 His toes in the ground are planted,
 His arms are heavenward toss'd.

Thus long is Bagiratha tortured,
 And Brama his torments would end ;
 He makes the mighty Ganges
 Down from the heavens descend.

But I, my loved one, am vainly
 Tormented and stricken with woe ;
 From out of thine heavenly eyelids
 No drops of pity e'er flow.

2.

FOUR-and-twenty hours I still must
 Wait, to see my bliss complete,
 As her sidelong glances tell me,
 Glances, O how dazzling sweet !

Language is but inexpressive,
 Words are awkward and in vain ,
 Soon as they are said, the pretty
 Butterfly flies off again.

But a look may last forever,
 And with joy may fill thy breast,
 Making it like some wide heaven,
 Full of starry rapture blest.

3.

NOT one solitary kiss
After months of loving passion ;
So my mouth must still continue
Dry, in very wretched fashion.

Happiness seem'd once at hand,
And her breath I e'en felt nigh me ;
But without my lips e'er touching,
She, alas ! soon fled by me.

4.

EMMA, for my satisfaction
Say if I'm distracted driven,
By my love, or is love only
The result of my distraction ?

Ah ! I'm tortured, charming Emma,
Not alone by my mad loving,
Not alone by loving madness,
But besides by this dilemma.

5.

WHEN I'm with thee, strife and need !
So I on my travels started ;
Yet my life, when from thee parted,
Is no life, but death indeed.

Pondering all the livelong night,
I 'twixt death and hell lay choosing—
Ah, methinks this strife confusing
Now has driv'n me mad outright !

6.

FAST is creeping on us dreary
 Night with many a ghostly shape,
 And our souls are growing weary,
 And we at each other gape.

Thou art old and I still older,
 And our spring has ceased to bloom ;
 Thou art cold, and I still colder,
 At th' approach of winter's gloom.

At the end, how all is sadden'd !
 After love's sweet cares are past,
 Cares draw nigh, by love ungladden'd,
 After life comes death at last.

 VIII. FREDERICA.

I.

O LEAVE Berlin, with its thick-lying sand,
 Weak tea, and men who seem so much to know
 That they both God, themselves, and all below
 With Hegel's reason only understand.

O come to India, to the sunny land
 Where flowers ambrosial their sweet fragrance
 throw,
 Where pilgrim troops on tow'rd the Ganges go
 With reverence, in white robes, a festal band.

There, where the palm trees wave, the billows
 smile,
 And on the sacred bank the lotus-tree
 Soars up to Indra's castle blue—yes there,

There will I kneel to thee in trusting style,
 And press against thy foot, and say to thee :
 " Madam, thou art the fairest of the fair !"

2.

THE Ganges roars ; amid the foliage see
 The sharp eyes of the antelope, who springs
 Disdainfully along ; their color'd wings
 The peacocks as they move show haughtily.

Deep from the bosom of the sunny lea
 Rises a newborn race of flowers, sweet things ;
 With yearning-madden'd voice Cocila sings—
 Yes, thou art fair, no woman's like to thee !

God Cama* lurks in all thy features fair,
 He dwells within thy bosom's tents so white,
 And breathes to thee the sweetest songs he
 knows.

Upon thy lips Vassant † has made his lair,
 I find within thine eyes new worlds of light,
 In my own world no more I find repose.

3.

THE Ganges roars ; the mighty Ganges swells,
 The Himalaya glows in evening's light,
 And from the banyan-forest's gloomy night
 The elephantine herd breaks forth and yells.

O for a type to show how she excels !
 A type of thee, so lovely to the sight,
 Thee the incomparable, good and bright,
 So that sweet rapture in my bosom dwells.

* The Hindoo god corresponding to Cupid.

† Spring.

In vain thou see'st me seek for types, and prate—
 See'st me with feelings struggle, and with
 rhyme,
 And, ah, thou smilest at my pangs of love !

But smile ! For when thou smil'st, Gandarvas
 straight
 Seize on the sweet guitar, and all the time
 Sing in the golden sunny halls above.

IX. CATHERINE.

I.

A BEAUTEOUS star arises o'er my night,
 A star which smiles down on me comfort bright,
 And new life pledges to supply—
 O do not lie !

As leaps to the moon the sea with sullen roar,
 So gladly, wildly, doth my spirit soar
 Up to thy blissful light on high—
 O do not lie !

2.

“ WILL you not be presented to her ?”
 The duchess whisper'd once to me.
 “ On no account ! for I to woo her
 Methinks have too much modesty.”

How gracefully she stands before me !
 I fancy, when I near her go,
 A newborn life is stealing o'er me,
 With newborn joy and newborn woe.

I'm from her kept as though by anguish,
While yearning drives me to draw near ;
Her eyes, as they so sweetly languish,
The wild stars of my fate appear.

Her brow is clear, yet in the distance
The future lightning gathers there,
The storm which, spite of all resistance,
My spirit's deepest seat will tear.

Her mouth is lovely, but with terror
I see beneath the roses hiss
The serpents which will prove my error,
With honeyed scorn and treach'rous kiss.

Impell'd by yearning, still more near I
Draw to the dear but dangerous place ;
Her darling voice already hear I—
Bright flames her every sentence grace.

“ Sir, what's the name ”—I hear her utter
These words—“ Of her whose voice I heard ? ”
I only answer with a stutter :
“ Madam, I did not hear one word ! ”

3.

YES, I now, a poor magician,
Like sage Merlin, am held fast
In my magic ring at last,
In disconsolate condition.

At her feet imprison'd sweetly
I am lying all the while,
Gazing on her eyes' sweet smile,
And the hours are passing fleetly.

Thus, for hours, days, weeks behold me !
 Like a vision time has fled,
 Scarcely know I what I said,
 And I know not what she told me.

Just as if her lips were dearly
 Press'd to mine, beyond control
 I am stirr'd, till in my soul
 I can trace the flames full clearly.

4.

THOU lie'st in my arms so gladly,
 So gladly thou lie'st on my heart !
 I am thy one sole heaven,
 My dearest star thou art.

The foolish race of mortals
 Is swarming far below ;
 They're shouting and storming and scolding
 (And each one is right, I well know).

Their cap and bells they jingle,
 And quarrel without a cause,
 And with their heavy club-sticks
 They break each other's jaws.

How happy are we, my darling,
 That we so far away are ;
 Thou hidest in thy heaven
 Thy head, my dearest star !

5.

I LOVE such white and snowy members,
 The thin veil of a spirit tender,
 Wild and large eyes, a brow encompass'd
 With flowing locks of swarthy splendor.

Thou art indeed the very person
Whom I in every land have sought for,
While girls like thee a man of honor
Like me have always cared and thought for.

The very man thou stand'st in need of
Is found in me. At first thou'lt pay me
Richly with sentiments and kisses,
And then, as usual, wilt betray me.

6.

THE spring's already at the gate
With looks my care beguiling ;
The country round appeareth straight
A flower-garden smiling.

My darling sitteth by my side,
In carriage onward fleeting ;
She looks on me with tender pride,
Her heart, I feel it beating.

What warbling, what fragrance the sun's light
awakes !
Like jewels the verdure is gleaming,
His snowy-blossoming head soon shakes
The sapling with joyous seeming.

The flowers peep forth from the earth to see,
With longing in every feature,
The lovely woman won by me,
And me, the happy creature.

O transient bliss ! Across the corn
To-morrow will pass the sickle,
The beauteous spring wither, and I all forlorn
Be left by the woman fickle.

7.

EACH person to this feast enchanting
 His mistress takes, and with delight
 Roams in the blooming summer night.
 I wander alone, for my loved one is wanting.

Like some sick man, I wander all lonely,
 And far from the mirth and dancing go,
 The music sweet and the lamps' bright glow ;
 My thoughts are away, and in England only.

I pluck the pinks and I pluck the roses,
 Distractedly and full of woe,
 And know not on whom the flow'rs to be-
 stow ;
 My heart soon withers along with the posies.

8.

LONG songless and oppress'd with sadness,
 I now compose again with yearning !
 Like tears that from us burst with madness
 My songs are suddenly returning.

Again I chant, with voice melodious,
 Of great love and still greater sorrow ;
 Of hearts which, to each other odious
 To-day, when parted break to-morrow.

I oftentimes think I feel the greeting
 Of German oak trees waving o'er me,
 With whispers of a glad re-meeting—
 A dream ! they vanish from before me.

I oftentimes think I hear the singing
 Of German nightingales once cherish'd ;

Sweetly their notes are round me clinging—
A dream ! the vision soon has perish'd.

Where are the roses whose delicious
Perfume once bless'd me ? Every blossom
Long since has died ! With taint pernicious
Their ghostly scent still haunts my bosom.

X. ABROAD.

I.

FROM place to place thou'rt wandering still,
Thou scarcely knowest why ;
A gentle word the wind doth fill—
Thou look'st round wond'ringly.

My loved one, who was left behind,
Is calling softly now :
"Return, I love thee, O be kind,
My only joy art thou !"

But on, still on, no peace, no rest,
Thou never still mayst be ;
What thou of yore didst love the best,
Thou ne'er again shalt see.

2.

THOU art to-day of sadder seeming
Than thou hast been for long before ;
Mute tears upon thy cheeks are gleaming,
Thy sighs wax louder more and more.

Of thy far home long vanish'd is it
 That thou art thinking, full of pain?
 Wouldst thou not joyfully revisit
 Thy much-loved fatherland again?

Art thinking now of her who sweetly
 With tiny rage enchanted thee?
 Vex'd by her oft, ye soon completely
 Were reconciled, and laugh'd with glee.

Art thinking of the friends whom yearning
 Impell'd to fall upon thy breast?
 Within the heart the thoughts were burning,
 And yet the lips remain'd at rest.

Or of the sister and the mother
 Art thinking, who approved thy suit?
 Methinks within thy breast, good brother,
 Wild passions fast are growing mute.

Of the fair garden art thou thinking,
 Its birds and trees, where love's young dream
 Ofttimes sustain'd thy spirits sinking,
 And hope shone forth with trembling beam?

'Tis late. The snow has fallen thickly,
 Bright night illumines the humid mass;
 I now must go, and hasten quickly
 To dress for company—Alas!

3.

OF my fair fatherland I once was proud;
 Beside the stream
 The oak soar'd high, the violets gently bow'd;
 It was a dream.

German the kisses were, in German too
 (Sweet then did seem
 The sound) they spake the words: "Yes, I
 love you!"
 It was a dream.

XI. TRAGEDY.

I.

O FLY with me, and be my wife,
 And to my heart for comfort come!
 Far, far away hence be my heart,
 Thy fatherland and father's home.

If thou'lt not go, I here will die,
 And all alone abandon thee;
 And if thou in thy father's home
 Dost stay, thou'lt seem abroad to be.

2.

*(A genuine national song, heard by Heine on the
 Rhine.)*

THERE fell a frost in a night of spring,
 It fell on the tender flowerets blue,
 They all soon wither'd and faded.

A youth once loved a maiden full well,
 They secretly fled away from the house,
 Unknown to father and mother.

They wander'd here and they wander'd there,
 And neither joy nor star could they find,
 And so they droop'd and they perish'd.

3.

UPON her grave a linden is springing,
 Where birds and the evening breeze are singing,
 And on the green sward under it
 The miller's boy and his sweetheart sit.

The winds are blowing so softly and fleetly,
 The birds are singing so sadly and sweetly,
 The prattling lovers are mute by-and-by,
 They weep and they know not the reason why.

 XII. THE TANNHAUSER.

A LEGEND.

(Written in 1836.)

I.

O ALL good Christians, be on your guard,
 Lest Satan's wiles ensnare you !
 I'll sing you the song of the Tannhauser bold,
 That ye may duly beware you.

The noble Tannhauser, a valiant knight,
 For love and pleasure yearning,
 To the Venus' mount travell'd, and there he
 dwelt
 Seven years without returning.

" Dear Venus, lovely mistress, farewell !
 Though much thou mayst enchant me,
 No longer will I tarry with thee,
 Permission to leave now grant me."

“Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
To-day you have kept from kissing ;
So kiss me quickly and tell me true,
What is there in me you find missing ?

“Have I each day the sweetest wine
Not pour'd out for you gayly ?
And have I not always crown'd your head
With fragrant roses daily ?”

“Dear Venus, lovely mistress, in truth
My soul no longer finds pleasing
These endless kisses and luscious wine—
I long for something that's teasing.

“Too much have we jested, too much have we
laugh'd,
My heart for tears has long panted ;
Each rose on my head I fain would see
By pointed thorns supplanted.”

“Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
You fain would vex and grieve me ;
An oath you have sworn a thousand times
That you would never leave me.

“Come, let us into the chamber go,
To taste of love's rapture and gladness,
And there my fair and lily-white form
Shall drive away thy sadness.”

“Dear Venus, lovely mistress, thy charms
Will bloom forever and ever ;
As many already have glow'd for thee,
So men will forget thee never !

“ But when I think of the heroes and gods
 Who erst have taken their pleasure
 In clasping thy fair and lily-white form
 My anger knows no measure.

“ Thy fair and lily-white figure with dread
 Is filling me even this minute,
 When thinking how many in after times
 Will still take pleasure in it !”

“ Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
 You should not utter such treason ;
 ’Twere better to beat me, as you have before
 Oft done for many a season.

“ ’Twere better to beat me, than such harsh
 words
 Of insult thus to have spoken,
 Whereby, O Christian ungrateful and cold,
 The pride in my bosom is broken.

“ Because I love you so much, I forgive
 Your evil words, thankless mortal ;
 Farewell, I grant you permission to leave,
 I’ll open myself the portal.”

II.

In Rome, in the holy city of Rome,
 With singing and ringing and blowing,
 A grand procession is moving on,
 The Pope in the middle is going.

The pious Pope Urban is his name,
 The triple crown he is wearing,
 He wears a red and purple robe,
 And Barons his train are bearing.

“ O holy Father, Pope Urban, stay !
I will not move from my station,
Until thou hast saved my soul from hell,
And heard my supplication ! ”

The ghostly songs are suddenly mute,
The people fall backward dumbly ;
O who is the pilgrim pale and wild
Who bends to the Pope so humbly ?

“ O holy Father, Pope Urban, to whom
To bind and to loose not too much is,
O save me from the pangs of hell,
And out of the Evil One’s clutches !

“ By name, I’m the noble Tannhauser call’d ;
For love and pleasure yearning,
To the Venus’ mount I travell’d and dwelt
Seven years there without returning.

“ This Venus is a woman fair
With charms of dazzling splendor ;
Like light of sun and flowers’ sweet scent
Her voice is gentle and tender.

“ As a butterfly flutters around a flower
And from its calyx sips too,
So flutters my soul forevermore
Around her rosy lips too.

“ Around her noble features entwine
Her blooming black locks wildly ;
Thy breath would be gone if once her great eyes
Were fix’d upon thee mildly.

“ If her great eyes upon thee were fix’d,
They surely would harass thee greatly ;

- 'Twas with the greatest trouble that I
Escaped from the mountain lately.
- " From out of the mountain I made my escape,
And yet forever pursue me
The looks of the beautiful woman, which seem
To say, 'O hasten back to me !'
- " A wretched spectre by day I've become,
At night I vainly would hide me
In sleep, for I dream that my mistress dear
Is sitting and laughing beside me.
- " How clearly, how sweetly, how madly she
laughs,
Her white teeth all the while showing !
Whenever I think of that laugh, in streams
The tears from my eyes begin flowing.
- " I love her indeed with a boundless love
That scorches me up to a cinder ;
'Tis like a wild waterfall, whose fierce flood
No barrier ever can hinder.
- " It nimbly leaps from rock to rock
With noisy foaming and boiling ;
Its neck it may break a thousand times,
Yet on, still on, it keeps toiling.
- " If all the expanse of the heavens were mine,
To Venus the whole I'd surrender ;
I'd give her the sun, I'd give her the moon,
I'd give her the stars in their splendor.
- " I love her indeed with a boundless love,
Whose flame within me rages ;
O say can this be the fire of hell,
The glow that will last through all ages ?

“ O holy Father, Pope Urban, to whom
 To bind and to loose not too much is,
 O save me from the pangs of hell,
 And out of the Evil One's clutches ! ”

His hands the Pope raised sadly on high,
 And sigh'd till these words he had spoken :
 “ Tannhauser, most unhappy knight,
 The charm can never be broken.

“ The Devil whom they Verus call
 Is mighty for hurting and harming ;
 I'm powerless quite to rescue thee
 From out of his talons so charming.

“ And so thy soul must expiate now
 Thy fleshly lusts infernal ;
 Yes, thou art rejected, yes, thou art condemn'd
 To suffer hell's torments eternal. ”

III.

The knight Tannhauser roam'd on till his feet
 Were sore with his wanderings dreary.
 At midnight's hour he came at length
 To the Venus' mountain, full weary.

Fair Venus awoke from out of her sleep,
 And out of her bed sprang lightly,
 And clasped her fair and lily-white arms
 Around her beloved one tightly.

From out of her nose the blood fell fast,
 The tears from her eyes descended ;
 She cover'd the face of her darling knight
 With blood and tears closely blended.

The knight lay quietly down in the bed,
And not one word has he spoken ;
While Venus went to the kitchen, to make
Some soup, that his fast might be broken.

She gave him soup, and she gave him bread,
She wash'd his wounded feet, too ;
She comb'd his rough and matted hair,
And laugh'd with a laugh full sweet, too.

“ Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
Full long hast thou been wandering ;
O say in what lands hast thou thy time
So far from hence been squandering ? ”

“ Dear Venus, lovely mistress, in truth
In Italy I have been staying ;
I've had some bus'ness in Rome, and now
Return without further delaying.

“ Rome stands on the Tiber, just at the spot
Where seven hills are meeting ;
In Rome I also beheld the Pope—
The Pope he sends thee his greeting.

“ And Florence I saw, when on my return,
And then through Milan I hasted,
And next through Switzerland scrambled fast,
And not one moment wasted.

“ And when I travell'd over the Alps,
The snow already was falling ;
The blue lakes sweetly on me smiled,
The eagles were circling and calling.

“ And when on the Mount St. Gothard I stood,
Below me snored Germany loudly ;

Beneath the mild sway of thirty-six kings
It slumber'd calmly and proudly.

“ In Swabia I saw the poetical school
Of dear little simpleton creatures ;
They sat together all ranged in a row,
With very diminutive features.

“ In Dresden I saw a certain dog,
A sprig of the aristocracy ;
His teeth he had lost, and bark'd and yell'd
Like one of the vulgar democracy.

“ At Weimar, the Muses' widow'd seat,
I heard them their sentiments giving ;
They wept and lamented that Goethe was dead,
And Eckermann still 'mongst the living !

“ At Potsdam I heard a very loud cry—
I said in amaze : ‘ What's the matter ? ’—
'Tis Gans * at Berlin, who last century's tale
‘ Is reading and making this clatter.’

“ At Göttingen knowledge was blossoming still,
But bringing no fruit to perfection ;
'Twas dark as pitch when I got there at night,
No light was in any direction.

“ In the bridewell at Zell Hanoverians alone
Were confined ; at our next Reformation
A national bridewell and one common lash
We must have for the whole German nation.

“ At Hamburg, in that excellent town,
Many terrible rascals dwell still ;

* The eminent Professor and Editor of Hegel's works.
He died in 1839.

And when I wander'd about the Exchange,
I fancied myself in Zell still !

“ At Hamburg I Altona saw ; 'tis a spot
In a charming situation ;
And all my adventures that there I met
I'll tell on another occasion.”*

XIII. ROMANCES.

I. A WOMAN.

THEY loved each other beyond belief,
The woman a rogue was, the man was a thief ;
At each piece of knavery, daily
She fell on the bed, laughing gaily.

In joy and pleasure they pass'd the day,
Upon his bosom all night she lay ;
When they carried him off to Old Bailey,
At the window she stood, laughing gaily.

He sent her this message : O come to me,
I yearn, my love, so greatly for thee ;
I want thee, I pine, and look palely, —
Her head she but shook, laughing gaily.

At six in the morning they hang'd the knave,
At seven they laid him down in his grave ;
At eight on her ears this fell stalely,
And a bumper she drank, laughing gaily.

* It is with real hesitation that I publish this lame and impotent conclusion to a legend the first two parts of which are in Heine's best style.—E. A. B.

2. CELEBRATION OF SPRING.

O LIST to this spring time's terrible jest !
 In savage troops the maidens fair
 Are rushing along with fluttering hair,
 And howls of anguish and naked breast :—
 Adonis ! Adonis !

The night falls fast. By torchlight clear
 They sadly explore each forest track,
 Which mournful answers is echoing back
 Of laughter, sobs, sighs, and cries of fear :—
 Adonis ! Adonis !

That youthful figure, so wondrous fair,
 Now lies on the ground all pale and dead ;
 His blood has dyed each floweret red,
 And mournful sighs resound through the air :—
 Adonis ! Adonis !

3. CHILDE HAROLD.

SLOW and weary, moves a dreary
 Stout black bark the stream along ;
 Visors wearing, all-uncaring,
 Funeral mutes the benches throng.

'Mongst them dumbly, with his comely
 Face upturn'd, the dead bard lies ;
 Living seeming, toward thé beaming
 Light of heaven still turn his eyes.

From the water, like a daughter
 Of the stream's voice, comes a sigh,
 And with wailing unavailing
 'Gainst the bark the waves dash high.

4. THE EXORCISM.

THE young Franciscan friar sits
 In his cloister silent and lonely ;
 He reads a magical book, which speaks
 Of exorcisms only.

And when the hour of midnight knell'd,
 An impulse resistless came o'er him ;
 The underground spirits with pallid lips
 He summon'd to rise up before him :

“ Ye spirits ! Go, fetch me from out of the grave
 The corpse of my mistress cherish'd ;
 For this one night restore her to life,
 Rekindling joys long perish'd.”

The fearful exorcising word
 He breathes, and his wish is granted ;
 The poor dead beauty in grave-clothes white
 Appears to his vision enchanted.

Her look is mournful ; her ice-cold breast
 Her sighs of grief cannot smother ;
 The dead one sits herself down by the monk,
 In silence they gaze on each other.

5. EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

(*The Sun speaks.*)

WHAT matter all my looks to thee ?
 It is the well-known right of the sun
 To shed down his rays on ev'ry one ;
 I beam because 'tis proper for me.

What matter all my looks to thee?
Thy duties bear in mind, poor elf;
Quick, marry, and get a son to thyself,
And so a German worthy be!

I beam because 'tis proper for me.
I wander up and down in the sky,
From mere *ennui* I peep from on high—
What matter all my looks to thee?

(The Poet speaks.)

It is in truth my special merit
That I can bear thy radiant light,
Pledge of an endless youthful spirit,
Thou dazzling beauty, blest and bright!

But now mine eyes are growing weary,
On my poor eyelids fast are falling,
Like a black covering, the dreary
Dark shades of night with gloom appalling

(Chorus of Monkeys.)

We monkeys, we monkeys,
Like impudent flunkies,
Stare at the sun,
Who can't prevent its being done.

(Chorus of Frogs.)

The water is better,
But also much wetter
Than 'tis in the air,
And merrily there
We love to gaze
On the sun's bright rays.

(Chorus of Moles.)

How foolish people are to chatter
Of beams and sunny rays bewitching !
With us, they but produce an itching,
We scratch it and so end the matter.

(A Glow-worm speaks.)

How boastingly the sun displays
His very fleeting daily rays !
But I'm not so immodest quite,
And yet I'm an important light,—
I mean by night, I mean by night !

6. THE EVIL STAR.

THE star, after beaming so brightly,
From the sky fell, a vision unsightly,
What is the love by poets sung ?
A star amid a heap of dung.

Like a poor mangy dog, when he's dying,
Beneath all this filth it is lying ;
Shrill crows the cock, loud grunts the sow
And wallows in the fearful slough.

In the garden O had I descended,
By fair flowerets lovingly tended,
Where I oft yearn'd to find my doom,
A virgin death, a fragrant tomb !

7. ANNO 1829.

GIVE me a wide and noble field
Where I may perish decently !
O let me in this narrow world
Of shops be not condemned to die !

They eat full well, they drink full well,
And revel in their mole-like bliss ;
Their magnanimity's as great
As any poor-box opening is.

Cigars they carry in their mouths,
Their hands we in their breeches view,
And their digestive powers are great,—
O could we but digest them too !

They trade in every spice that grows
Upon the earth, yet we can trace,
Despite their spices, in the air
The odor of a grovelling race.

Could I some great transgressions, ye—
Colossal bloody crimes but see—
Aught but this virtue flat and tame,
This solvent strict morality !

Ye clouds on high, O bear me hence,
To some far spot without delay !
To Lapland or to Africa,
To Pomerania e'en—away !

O bear me hence !—They hearken not—
The clouds on high so prudent are !
They fly above this town, to seek
With trembling haste some region far.

8. ANNO 1839.

DEAR distant Germany, how often
I weep when I remember thee !
Gay France my sorrow cannot soften,
Her merry race gives pain to me.

In Paris, in this witty region,
 'Tis cold dry reason that now reigns ;
 O bells of folly and religion,
 How sweetly sound at home your strains !

Courteous the men ! Their salutation
 I yet return with feelings sad ;
 The rudeness shown in every station
 In my own country made me glad !

Smiling the women ! but their clatter,
 Like millwheels, never seems to cease ;
 The Germans (not to mince the matter)
 Prefer I, who lie down in peace.

And all things here with restless passion
 Keep whirling, like some madden'd dream ;
 With us, they move in jog-trot fashion,
 And well-nigh void of motion seem.

Methinks I hear the distant ringing
 Of the soft bugle's note serene ;
 The watchman's songs I hear them singing,
 With Philomel's sweet strains between.

At home the bard, a happy vagrant
 In Schilda's oak woods loved to rove ;
 From moonbeams fair and violets fragrant
 My tender verses there I wove.

9. AT DAWN.

ON the Faubourg Saint Marceau
 Lay the mist this very morning,
 Mist of autumn, heavy, thick,
 And a white-hued night resembling.

Wandering through this white-hued night,
I beheld before me gliding
An enchanting female form
Which the moon's sweet light resembled.

Yes, she was, like moonlight sweet,
Lightly floating, tender, graceful ;
Such a slender shape of limbs
I had here in France ne'er witness'd.

Was it Luna's self perchance,
Who with some young dear and handsome
Fond Endymion had to-day
In th' Quartier Latin been ling'ring ?

On my way home thus I thought :
Wherefore fled she when she saw me ?
Did the Goddess think that I
Was perchance the Sun-God Phœbus ?

10. SIR OLAVE.

I.

At the door of the cathedral
Stand two men, both wearing red coats,
And the first one is the monarch,
And the headsman is the other.

To the headsman spake the monarch :
" By the priest's song I can gather
That the wedding is now finish'd—
Keep thy trusty hatchet ready ! "

To the sound of bells and organ
From the church the people issue

In a motley throng, and 'mongst them
Move the gay-dress'd bridal couple.

Pale as death and sad and mournful
Looks the monarch's lovely daughter ;
Bold and joyous looks Sir Olave,
And his ruddy lips are smiling.

And with smiling ruddy lips he
Thus the gloomy king addresses :
" Father of my wife, good morning !
Forfeited to-day my head is.

" I to-day must die,—O suffer,
Suffer me to live till midnight,
That I may with feast and torch-dance
Celebrate my happy wedding !

" Let me live, O let me live, sire,
Till I've drain'd the final goblet,
Till the final dance is finish'd—
Suffer me to live till midnight !"

To the headsman spake the monarch :
" To our son-in-law a respite
Of his life we grant till midnight—
Keep thy trusty hatchet ready !"

II.

Sir Olave he sits at his wedding repast,
And every goblet is drained at last ;
Upon his shoulder reclines
His wife and pines—
At the door the headsman is standing.

The dance begins, and Sir Olave takes hold
Of his youthful wife, and with haste uncontroll'd
They dance by the torches' glow
Their last dance below—

At the door the headsman is standing.

The fiddles strike up, so merry and glad,
The flutes they sound so mournful and sad ;
Whoever their dancing then saw
Was filled with awe—

At the door the headsman is standing.

And as they dance in the echoing hall,
To his wife speaks Sir Olave, unheard by them all:
" My love will be ne'er known to thee—
The grave yawns for me—"

At the door the headsman is standing.

III.

Sir Olave, 'tis the midnight hour,
Thy days of life are number'd ;
In a king's daughter's arms instead
Thou thoughtest to have slumber'd.

The monks they mutter the prayers for the dead,
The man the red coat wearing
Already before the black block stands,
His polish'd hatchet bearing.

Sir Olave descends to the court below,
Where the swords and the lights are gleaming ;
The ruddy lips of the Knight they smile,
And he speaks with a countenance beaming :

" I bless the sun, and I bless the moon,
And the stars in the heavens before me ;

I bless too the little birds that sing
In the air so merrily o'er me.

“ I bless the sea and I bless the land,
And the flow'rs that the meadow's life are ;
I bless the violets, which are as soft
As the eyes of my own dear wife are.

“ Ye violet eyes of my own dear wife,
My life for your sakes I surrender !
I bless the elder-tree, under whose shade
We plighted our vows of love tender.”

II. THE WATER NYMPHS.

THE waves were plashing against the lone strand,
The moon had risen lately,
The knight was lying upon the white sand,
In vision musing greatly.

The beauteous nymphs arose from the deep,
Their veils around them floated ;
They softly approach'd, and fancied that sleep
The youth's repose denoted.

The plume of his helmet the first one felt,
To see if perchance it would harm her ;
The second took hold of his shoulder belt,
And handled his heavy chain armor.

The third one laugh'd, and her eyes gleam'd
bright,
As the sword from the scabbard drew she ;
On the bare sword leaning, she gazed on the
knight,
And heartfelt pleasure knew she.

The fourth one danced both here and there,
 And breath'd from her inmost bosom :
 "O would that I thy mistress were,
 Thou lovely mortal blossom !"

The fifth her kisses with passionate strength
 On the hand of the knight kept planting ;
 The sixth one tarried, and kissed at length
 His lips and his cheeks enchanting.

The knight was wise, and far too discreet
 To open his eyes midst such blisses ;
 He let the fair nymphs in the moonlight sweet
 Continue their loving kisses.

12. BERTRAND DE BORN.

A NOBLE pride on every feature,
 His forehead stamp'd with thought mature,
 He could subdue each mortal creature,
 Bertrand de Born, the troubadour.

How wondrously his sweet notes caught her,
 Plantagenet the Lion's queen !
 Both sons as well as lovely daughter
 He sang into his net, I ween.

The father too he fool'd discreetly !
 Hush'd was the monarch's wrath and scorn
 On hearing him discourse so sweetly,
 The troubadour, Bertrand de Born.

13. SPRING.

THE waters glisten and merrily glide,—
 How lovely is love midst spring's splendor !
 The shepherdess sits by the streamlet's side,
 And twines her garlands so tender.

All nature is budding with fragrant perfume,
 How lovely is love midst spring's splendor !
 The shepherdess sighs from her heart : " O to
 whom
 Shall I my garlands surrender ?"

A horseman is riding beside the clear brook,
 A kindly greeting he utters ;
 The shepherdess views him with sorrowful look,
 The plume in his hat gaily flutters.

She weeps, and into the gliding waves flings
 Her flowery garlands so tender ;
 Of kisses and love the nightingale sings—
 How lovely is love midst spring's splendor !

14. ALI BEY.

ALI BEY, the true Faith's hero,
 Happy lies in maids' embraces ;
 Allah granteth him a foretaste
 Here on earth of heavenly rapture.

Odalisques, as fair as houris,
 Like gazelles in every motion—
 While the first his beard is curling,
 See, the second smooths his forehead.

And the third the lute is playing,
 Singing, dancing, and with laughter
 Kissing him upon his bosom,
 Where the flames of bliss are glowing.

But the trumpets of a sudden
 Sound outside, the swords are rattling,
 Calls to arms, and shots of muskets—
 Lord, the Franks are marching on us !

And the hero mounts his war-steed,
 Joins the fight, but seems still dreaming ;
 For he fancies he is lying
 As before in maids' embraces.

Whilst the heads of the invaders
 He is cutting off by dozens,
 He is smiling like a lover,
 Yes, he softly smiles and gently.

15. PSYCHE.

IN her hand the little lamp, and
 Mighty passion in her breast,
 Psyche creepeth to the couch where
 Her dear sleeper takes his rest.

How she blushes, how she trembles,
 When his beauty she descries !
 He, the God of love, unveil'd thus,
 Soon awakes and quickly flies.

Eighteen hundred years' repentance !
 And the poor thing nearly died !
 Psyche fasts and whips herself still,
 For she Amor naked spied.

16. THE UNKNOWN ONE.

EVERY day I have a meeting
 With my golden-tresséd beauty
 In the Tuileries' fair garden
 Underneath the chestnuts' shadow.

Every day she goes to walk there
 With two old and ugly women—
 Are they aunts ? or else two soldiers
 Muffled up in women's garments ?

Overawed by the mustachios
 Of her masculine attendants,
 And still further overawed too
 By the feelings in my bosom,

I ne'er ventured e'en one sighing
 Word to whisper as I pass'd her,
 And with looks I scarcely ventured
 Ever to proclaim my passion.

For the first time I to-day have
 Learnt her name. Her name is **Laura**,
 Like the Provençal fair maiden
 Whom the famous poet loved so.

Laura is her name ! I've gone now
 Just as far as Master Petrarch,
 Who the fair one celebrated
 In canzonas and in sonnets.

Laura is her name ! like Petrarch
 I can now platonically
 Revel in this name euphonious—
 He himself no further ventured.

17. THE CHANGE.

WITH brunettes I now have finish'd,
 And this year am once more fond
 Of the eyes whose color blue is,
 Of the hair whose color's blond.

Mild the blond one, whom I love now,
 And in meekness quite a gem !
 She would be some blest saint's image,
 Held her hand a lily stem.

Slender limbs of wondrous beauty,
 Little flesh, much sympathy ;
 All her soul is glowing but for
 Faith and hope and charity.

She maintains she understands not
 German,—but it can't be so ;
 Hast ne'er read the heavenly poem
 Klopstock wrote some time ago ?

18. FORTUNE.

MADAM FORTUNE, thou in vain
 Act'st the coy one ! I can gain
 By my own exertions merely
 All thy favors prized so dearly.

Thou art overcome by me,
 To the yoke I fasten thee ;
 Thou art mine beyond escaping—
 But my bleeding wounds are gaping.

All my red blood gushes out,
 My life's courage to the rout
 Soon is put ; I'm vanquish'd lying,
 And in victory's hour am dying.

19. LAMENTATION OF AN OLD-GERMAN YOUTH.

THE man on whom virtue smiles is blest,
 He is lost who neglects her instructions ;
 Poor youth that I am, I am ruin'd
 By evil companions' seductions.

For cards and dice soon dispossess'd
 My pockets of all their money ;
 At first the maidens consoled me
 With smiles as luscious as honey.

But when they had fuddled with wine their guest,
 And torn my garments, straightway
 (Poor youth that I am) they seized me,
 And bundled me out at the gateway.

On waking after a bad night's rest,—
 Sad end to all my ambition!—
 Poor youth that I am, I was filling
 At Cassel a sentry's position.

20. AWAY!

THE day's enamour'd of the night,
 The springtime loves the winter,
 And life's in love with death,—
 And thou, thou lovest me!

Thou lov'st me—thou'rt already seized
 By fear-inspiring shadows,
 And all thy blossoms fade,
 To death thy soul is bleeding.

Away from me, and only love
 The butterflies, gay triflers,
 Who in the sunlight sport—
 Away from me and sorrow!

21. MADAM METTE.

(From the Danish.)

SAYS Bender to Peter over their wine:
 "I'll wager (though doubtless you're clever)
 That though your fine singing may conquer the
 world,
 My wife 'twill conquer never."

Then Peter replied: "I'll wager my horse
 To your dog, or the devil is in it,

I'll sing Madam Mette into my house
This evening, at twelve to a minute."

And when the hour of midnight drew near,
Friend Peter commenced his sweet singing ;
Right over the forest, right over the flood
His charming notes were ringing.

The fir-trees listen'd in silence deep,
The flood stood still and listen'd,
The pale moon trembled high up in the sky,
The wise stars joyously glisten'd.

Madam Mette awoke from out of her sleep :
" What singing ! How sweet the seduction !"
She put on her dress, and left the house—
Alas, it proved her destruction !

Right through the forest, right through the flood,
She speeded onward straightway ;
While Peter, with the might of his song,
Allured her inside his own gateway.

And when she at morning return'd back home,
At the door her husband caught her :
" Pray tell me, good wife, where you spent the
night ?
Your garments are dripping with water."

" I spent the night at the water-nymphs' stream,
And heard the Future told by them ;
The mocking fairies wetted me through
With their splashes, for going too nigh them."

" You have not been to the water-nymphs' stream,
The sand there could ne'er make you muddy ;
Your feet, good wife, are bleeding and torn,
Your cheeks are also bloody."

“ I spent the night in the elfin wood,
To see the elfin dances ;
I wounded my feet and face with the thorns
And fir-boughs cutting like lances.”

“ The elfins dance in the sweet month of May
On flowery plains, but the chilly
Bleak days of autumn now reign on the earth,
The wind in the forests howls shrilly.”

“ At Peter Nielsen’s I spent the night,
He sang so mightily to me.
That through the forest and through the flood
He irresistibly drew me.

“ His song is mighty as death itself,
To night and perdition alluring ;
Its tuneful glow still burns in my heart,
A speedy death insuring.”

The door of the church is hung with black,
The funeral bells are ringing,
Poor Madam Mette’s terrible death
To public notice bringing.

Poor Bender sighs, as he stands at the bier—
’Twas sad to hear him call so !—
“ I now have lost my beautiful wife,
And lost my true dog also.”

22. THE MEETING.

THE music under the linden tree sounds,
The boys and the maidens dance lightly ;
Amongst them two dance, whom nobody knows,
Of figures noble and sightly.

They float about here, they float about there,
In a way that strange habits expresses ;
They smile at each other, they shake their heads,
The maiden the youth thus addresses :

“ My handsome youth, upon thy hat
There nods a lily splendid,
That only grows in the depths of the sea—
From Adam thou art not descended.

“ The Kelpie art thou, who the fair village
maids
Would’st allure with thy arts of seduction ;
I knew thee at once, at the very first sight,
By thy teeth of fish-like construction.”

They float about here, they float about there,
In a way that strange habits expresses ;
They smile at each other, they shake their heads,
The youth the maid thus addresses :

“ My handsome maiden, tell me why
Thy hand so icy cold is ?
And tell me why thy snow-white dress
So moist in every fold is ?

“ I knew thee at once, at the very first sight,
By thy bantering salutation ;
Thou art no mortal child of man,
But the water-nymph, my relation.”

The fiddles are silent, and finish’d the dance,
They part like sister and brother,
They know each other only too well,
And shun now the sight of each other.

23. KING HAROLD HARFAGAR.

THE great King Harold Harfagar
In ocean's depths is sitting,
Beside his lovely water-fay ;
The years are over him flitting.

By water-sprite's magical arts chain'd down,
He is neither living nor dead now,
And while in this state of baneful bliss
Two hundred years have sped now.

The head of the king is laid on the lap
Of the beautiful woman, and ever
He yearningly gazes up tow'rd her eyes,
And looks away from her never.

His golden hair is silver gray,
His cheekbones (of time's march a token)
Project like a ghost's from his yellow face,
His body is wither'd and broken.

And many a time from his sweet dream of love
He suddenly is waking,
For over him wildly rages the flood,
The castle of glass rudely shaking.

He oftentimes fancies he hears in the wind
The Northmen shouting out gladly ;
He raises his arms with joyous haste,
Then lets them fall again sadly.

He oftentimes fancies he hears far above
The seamen their voices raising,
The great King Harold Harfagar
In songs heroical praising.

And then the king from the depth of his heart
 Begins sobbing and wailing and sighing,
 When quickly the water-fay over him bends,
 With loving kisses replying.

24. THE LOWER WORLD.

I.

MANY a time poor Pluto sigh'd thus :

“ Were I but a single man !
 Since my married life began,
 Hell, I've learnt, was not a hell
 Till I to a wife was tied thus !

“ Would that I remain'd still single !
 Since I Proserpine did wed,
 Each day wish I I was dead !
 With the bark of Cerberus
 Her loud scoldings ever mingle.

“ Each attempt I make is fruitless
 After peace. There's not a ghost
 Half so sad in all my host,
 And I envy Sisyphus,
 And the Danaid's labor bootless.”

II.

On golden chair in the regions infernal,
 Beside her spouse, the monarch eternal
 Queen Proserpine's sitting
 With mien ill befitting
 Her station, and sadly she's sighing :

“ For roses I yearn, and the rapturous blisses
 Of Philomel's song, and the sun's sweet kisses !
 And here 'mongst the pallid
 Lemures and squalid
 Dead bodies, my youth's days are flying.

“ I’m firmly bound in the hard yoke of marriage
In this hole, which I’m sure e’en a rat would
disparage !

 And the spectres unsightly
 Through my window peep nightly,
Their wails with the Styx’s groans vying.

“ This very day I’ve invited to dinner
Old Charon, the bald-pated spindle-shank’d
sinner—

 And also the Judges,
 Those wearisome drudges—
Such company’s really too trying !”

III.

Whilst these murmurs unavailing
 In the lower world found vent,
Ceres on the earth was wailing,
 And the crazy goddess went,
With no cap on, with no collar,
 And with loose dishevell’d hair,
Uttering, in a voice of dolor,
 That lament known everywhere :*

“ Is’t the beauteous spring I see ?
 Hath the earth grown young again ?
Sunlit hills glow verdantly,
 Bursting through their icy chain.
From the streamlet’s mirror blue
 Smiles the now unclouded sky,
Zephyr’s wings wave milder too,
 Youthful blossoms ope their eye.

* The following three verses are extracted by Heine *verbatim* from Schiller’s well-known “ Lament of Ceres.” The version of them here given is taken from the translation of Schiller’s Poems published by me in 1851.

In the grove sweet songs resound,
 While the Oread thus doth speak :
 'Once again thy flow'rs are found,
 Vain thy daughter 'tis to seek.'

" Ah, how long 'tis since I went
 First in search o'er earth's wide face !
 Titan, all thy rays I sent,
 Seeking for the loved one's trace !
 Of that form so dear, no ray
 Hath as yet brought news to me,
 And the all-discerning Day
 Cannot yet the lost one see.
 Hast thou, Zeus, her from me torn ?
 Or to Orcus' gloomy stream,
 Hath she been by Pluto borne,
 Smitten by her beauty's beams ?

" Who will to yon dreary strand
 Be the herald of my woe ?
 Ever leaves the bark the land,
 Yet but shadows in it go.
 To each blest eye evermore
 Closed those night-like fields remain ;
 Styx no living form e'er bore,
 Since his stream first wash'd the plain.
 Thousand paths lead downward there,
 None lead up again to light ;
 And her tears no witness e'er
 Brings to her sad mother's sight."

IV.

" Ceres ! my good wife's relation !
 Prythee cease to weep and call so !
 I now grant your application—
 I have suffer'd greatly also !

“ Comfort take ! we’ll share your daughter’s
Sweet society, and let her
Have on earth six months her quarters
Yearly, if you like it better.

“ She, when men in summer swelter,
Can assist your rural labors,
’Neath a straw hat taking shelter,
Flow’r-bedizen’d, like her neighbors’.

“ She can rant, when colors glowing
Robe the evening sky in splendor,
When beside the stream is blowing
On his flute a bumpkin tender.

“ She’ll rejoice with lads and lasses
At the harvest-home’s gay dances,
And amongst the sheeps and asses
Be a lioness, the chance is.

“ I’ll recruit my spirits sinking
Here in Orcus in a canter,
Mingled punch and Lethe drinking,
And forget my wife instanter !”

v.

“ Methinks at times thy brow is shaded
With yearnings that in secret dwell ;
Thy hapless lot I know full well ;
Lost love, a life untimely faded !

“ Thou nodd’st a sad assent ! I never
Can give thee back thy youthful prime ;
Thy heart’s woes cannot heal with time ;
A faded life, love lost forever !”

XIV. MISCELLANIES.

I. MULEDOM.

THY father, as is known to all,
 A donkey was, beyond denial ;
 Thy mother on the other hand
 A noble brood-mare proved on trial.

Thy mulish nature, worthy friend,
 Though little liked, a thing of course is ;
 Yet thou canst say, with perfect truth,
 That thou belongest to the horses.

Thou spring'st from proud Bucephalus ;
 Thy fathers were with the invaders
 Who to the Holy Sepulchre
 Of old time went, the famed Crusaders.

Thou countest 'mongst thy relatives
 The charger ridden by the glorious
 Sir Godfrey of Bouillon the day
 He took God's town with arm victorious.

Thou canst aver that Bayard's steed
 Thy cousin was, and say (andante)
 Thine aunt the knight Don Quixote bore,
 The most heroic Rosinante.

But Sancho's donkey thou'lt not own
 As kin, he being much too lowly ;
 Thou'lt e'en disown the ass's foal
 That whilome bore the Saviour holy.

And thou art not obliged to stick
 A long-ear surely in thy scutcheon ;
 Of thine own value be the judge,
 And thou wilt never lay too much on.

3. PRIDE.

O COUNTESS GUEDEL of Gudelfeld town,
 Because you are wealthy, you're held in renown
 With not less than four horses contented,
 At court you are duly presented ;
 In carriage of gold you go lightly
 To the castle, where waxlights gleam brightly ;
 Up the marble stairs rustle
 Your clothes with their bustle,
 And then at the top, on the landing
 The servants in gay dresses standing
 Shout : Madame la Comtesse de Gudelfeld !

Your fan in your hand, talking loudly,
 Through the chamber you wander on proudly ;
 With diamonds gaily bedizen'd,
 In pearls and Brussels lace prison'd,
 Your snowy bosom with madness
 Is heaving in uncontroll'd gladness,
 What smiles, nods, polite interjections !
 What curtsies and deep genuflexions !
 The Duchess of Pavia
 Calls you her *cara mia* ;
 The nobles and courtiers advancing
 Invite you to join in the dancing ;
 And the heir to the crown (who's thought witty)
 Says loudly : How graceful and pretty
 Are all the *stern* movements of Gudelfeld !

But if, poor creature, you money did lack,
 The world would straightway show you its back ;
 The very lackeys with loathing
 Would spit on your clothing ;
 'Stead of bows and civility,
 Naught but vulgar scurrility ;

The Duchess would cross herself rudely,
 And the Crown Prince take snuff, and say
 shrewdly :
 She smells of garlic—this Gudelfeld !

4. AWAY !

IF by one woman thou'rt jilted, love
 Another, and so forget her ;
 To pack up thy knapsack, and straight remove
 From the town will be still better.

Thou'lt soon discover a blue lake fair,
 By weeping willows surrounded ;
 Thy trifling grief thou'lt weep away there,
 Thy pangs so little founded.

Whilst climbing up the hillside fast,
 Thou'lt pant and groan full loudly ;
 But when on the rocky summit at last,
 Thou'lt hear the eagle scream proudly.

An eagle thyself thou'lt seem to be,
 New life the change will bestow thee ;
 Thou'lt feel thou hast lost, when thus set free,
 Not much in the world below thee.

5. WINTER.

THE cold may burn us sadly
 Like fire, and mortals hurry
 Amidst the snow-drift madly,
 With still-increasing flurry.

O winter stern and chilly,
 When frozen are our noses,
 And piano-strumming silly
 Our ears so discomposes ?

I like the summer only
 When in the woods I'm roving
 With my own griefs all-lonely,
 And scanning verses loving.

6. THE OLD CHIMNEYPIECE.

OUTSIDE fall the snowflakes lightly
 Through the night, loud raves the storm;
 In my room the fire glows brightly,
 And 'tis cosey, silent, warm.

Musing sit I on the settle
 By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
 Listening to the busy kettle
 Humming long-forgotten lays.

And beside me sits a kitten,
 Warming at the blaze her feet ;
 Strangely are my senses smitten
 As the flickering flames they meet.

Many a dim long-buried story
 O'er me soon begins to rise,
 But with dead and faded glory,
 And in strange and mask'd disguise.

Lovely women with shrewd faces
 Greet me with a secret smile,
 Then the harlequins run races,
 Laughing merrily the while.

Distant marble-gods nod kindly,
 Dreamily beside them grow
 Fable-flow'rs, whose leaves wave blindly
 In the moonlight to and fro.

Magic castles, once resplendent,
 Ruin'd now, in sight appear ;
 Knights in armor, squires attendant
 Quickly follow in their rear.

All these visions I discover
 As with shadowy haste they pass—
 Ah, the kettle's boiling ower,
 And the kitten's burnt, alas !

7. LONGING.

THOU beholdest in thy vision
 Fable's silent flow'rs before thee,
 And a yearning wild steals o'er thee
 At their fragrant scent elysian.

But thou from those flow'rs art parted
 By a gulf both deep and fearful ;
 Thou becomest sad and tearful,
 And at last art broken-hearted.

How they glitter ! how they lure me !
 Could I but the gulf pass over !
 How the secret to discover,
 And a bridge across procure me ?

8. HELENA.

THOU hast call'd me forth from out of the grave
 By means of thy magic will now,
 And fill'd me full of love's fierce glow—
 This glow thou never canst still now.

O press thy mouth against my mouth,
 Man's breath with heaven is scented ;
 Thy very soul I'll drain to the dregs,
 The dead are never contented.

9. THE WISE STARS.

THE flowerets sweet are crush'd by the feet
 Full soon, and perish despairing ;
 One passes by, and they must die,
 The modest as well as the daring.

The pearls all sleep in the caves of the deep,
 Where one finds them, despite wind and
 weather
 A hole is soon bored and they're strung on a cord,
 And there fast yoked together.

The stars are more wise, and keep in the skies,
 And hold the earth at a distance ;
 They shed their light in the heavens so bright,
 In safe and endless existence.

10. THE ANGELS.

FAITHLESS as Saint Thomas, never
 Could I in the heaven believe
 Which both Jew and Priest endeavor
 To compel men to receive.

That the angels, though, are real
 I have never held in doubt ;
 Spotless, and of grace ideal,
 On this earth they move about.

Still I doubt if such a being
 Wing'd is, it must be confess'd ;
 I have recently been seeing
 Wingless angels, I protest.

With their dear and loving glances,
 With their loving hands so white
 Men they guard, and all advances
 Of misfortune put to flight.

Every one can comfort borrow
 From their favor and regard ;
 Most of all that child of sorrow
 Whom the people call a bard.

XV. POEMS FOR THE TIMES.

I. SOUND DOCTRINE.

QUICK, beat the drum, and be not afraid,
 The suttler-maiden lovingly kiss ;
 This is the whole of knowledge, in truth,
 The deepest book-learning lies in this.

Quick, drum the people out of their sleep,
 And drum the réveille with the ardor of youth,
 And as you march, continue to drum—
 This is the whole of knowledge, in truth.

All Hegel's philosophy here is found,
 The deepest book-learning lies in this ;
 I've found it out, because I'm no fool,
 And also because I drum not amiss.

2. WARNING.

WORTHY friend, 'twill be perdition
 Books like this to think of printing !
 Wouldst thou money earn or honor,
 Thou must bend in meek submission.

Never in this manner flighty
 Shouldest thou before the public
 Thus have spoken of the parsons
 And of monarchs high and mighty !

Friend, thou'lt be by all forsaken !
 Princes have long arms, the parsons
 Have long tongues, and then the public
 Have long ears, or I'm mistaken !

3. TO A QUONDAM FOLLOWER OF GOETHE.

(1832.)

HAST thou, then, superior risen
 To the chilly dream of glory
 Which great Weimar's poet hoary
 Wove around thee, like a prison ?

Are thy old friends bores now voted ?—
 Clara, Gretchen—names familiar—
 Serlo's chaste maid, and Ottilia
 In the " Wahlverwandschaft " noted ?

Thou'rt with Germany enchanted,
 Art become a Mignon-hater,
 And thou seek'st for freedom greater
 Than Philina ever granted.

Like a Luneburgomaster,
 Thou dost battle for the nation,
 Holding up to execration
 Kings, as causing all disaster.

And I hear with pleasure hearty,
 What a pitch thy praises grow to,
 And how thou'rt a Mirabeau, too,
 At each Luneburg tea-party !

4. THE SECRET.

WE sigh not, and the eye's not moisten'd,
 We laugh at times, we often smile ;
 In not a look, in not a gesture
 The secret comes to light the while.

Deep in our bleeding spirit hidden,
 It lies in silent misery ;
 If in our wild heart it finds language,
 The mouth's still closed convulsively.

Ask of the suckling in the cradle,
 Ask of the dead man in the grave ;
 They may perchance disclose the secret
 To which I never utterance gave.

5. ON THE WATCHMAN'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

"GOOD watchman with face so sad and de-
 spairing,
 Why runnest thou hither with headlong speed ?
 My dear fellow-countrymen, how are they far-
 ing ?
 My fatherland, is it from tyranny freed ?"

All's going on well, and liberty's blessing
 Is showering silently on us its stores,
 And Germany, calmly and safely progressing,
 Unfolds and develops herself within doors.

Unlike France, superficial are none of her blos-
 soms—
There freedom but touches the outside of life ;
 'Tis but in the depths of their innermost bosoms
 That freedom with Germans is found to be
 rife.

They'll finish Cologne's great cathedral, they tell
 us,
 The Hohenzollerns* have brought this to pass ;
 A Hapsburg* has shown himself equally zealous,
 A Wittelsbach* gives it some fine painted glass.

* Names for the three royal houses of Prussia, Austria
 and Bavaria.

That true Magna Charta, a free constitution,
 They've promised, and surely their promise
 they'll keep ;
 A king's word's a prize, without circumlocution—
 Like the Nibelung stone in the Rhine it lies
 deep.

The Brutus of rivers, the free Rhine, they surely
 Can never remove him from out of his bed ;
 The Dutchman his feet have fasten'd securely,
 The Switzers securely are holding his head.

God will grant us a fleet, if we prove persever-
 ing ;
 Our patriotic exuberant strength
 Will find a vent in sailing and steering,
 The pain of imprisonment ending at length.

The seeds cast their shells and the spring's
 blooming sweetly,
 We draw a free breath at this time of the
 year ;
 If permission to print is denied us completely,
 The censorship will of itself disappear.

6. THE DRUM-MAJOR.*

THE old drum-major it is that we see ;
 Poor fellow, he's pull'd down sadly !
 In the Emperor's time a youngster was he,
 And merrily lived and gladly.

He used to balance his ponderous stick,
 While a smile on his face play'd lightly ;

* See the account of the old Drum-Major Le Grand contained in the prose section of Heine's "Pictures of Travel," entitled "Book Le Grand."

The silver-lace on his tunic so thick
In the rays of the sun gleam'd brightly.

Whene'er with a mighty roll of the drum
He enter'd a village or city,
He caused an echo responsive to come
In the heart of each girl, plain or pretty.

He came and saw and conquer'd too
Each fair one welcomed him in ;
His black mustache was wetted through
With tears of German women.

Resistance was vain ! In every land
That the foreign invaders came to,
The Emperor vanquished the gentlemen, and
The drum-major each maiden and dame too.

Our sorrows full long we patiently bore
Like oaks, with no one to heed 'em,
Until the Authorities gave us once more
The signal to battle for freedom.

Like buffaloes rushing on to the fray,
We toss'd our horns up proudly,
The yoke of France we cast away,
The songs of Körner sang loudly.

O terrible verses ! the tyrant's ear
At their awful sound revolted ;
The Emperor and the drum-major in fear
Precipitately bolted.

They both of them reap'd the wages of sin,
And came to an end inglorious ;
The Emperor Napoleon tumbled in
The hands of the Britons victorious.

In Saint Helena his time he now pass'd
In martyrdom, banish'd from France, Sir,
And, after long suff'ring, died at last
Of that terrible ailment, cancer.

The poor drum-major, too, fell in disgrace,
And lost his situation ;
In our hotel he took the place
Of boots—what degradation !

He warms the oven, he scours the pots,
And wood and water fetches ;
His gray head wags as he wheezingly trots
Up the stairs, so weak the poor wretch is.

When Fritz comes to see me, he finds himself
Inclined to jeer and rally
The comical lanky poor old elf
And his motions shilly-shally.

O Fritz, a truce to raillery, please !
The sons of Germany never
Should fallen greatness love to tease,
Or to torment endeavor.

Such people you ought to regard with pride
And filial piety rather ;
Perchance upon the mother's side
The old man is your father !

7. DEGENERACY.

HAS Nature's self been going backward,
And human faults assuming, then ?
The very plants and beasts, I fancy,
Now lie as much as mortal men.

I trust not in the lily's chasteness ;
 The color'd fop, the butterfly,
 Toys with her, kisses, round her flutters,
 Till lost is all her purity.

The violet's modesty moreover
 I hold full cheap. The little flower
 With the coquettish breezes trifles,
 In secret pants for fame and power.

I doubt if Philomel appreciates
 The tune she sings with pompous mien ;
 She overdoes it, sobs, and warbles
 Methinks from naught but pure routine.

Truth from the earth is fast departing,
 The days of Faith are also o'er ;
 The dogs still wag their tails, smell badly
 And yet are faithful now no more.

8. HENRY.

IN Canossa's castle courtyard
 Stands the German Cæsar Henry,
 Barefoot, clad in penitential
 Shirt—the night is cold and rainy.

From the window high above him
 Peep two figures, and the moonlight
 Gregory's bald head illumines
 And the bosom of Mathilda.

Henry, with his lips all pallid,
 Murmurs pious paternosters ;
 Yet in his imperial heart he
 Secretly revolts and speaks thus .

“ In my distant German country
 Upward rise the sturdy mountains ;
 In the mountain-pits in silence
 Grows the iron for the war-axe.

“ In my distant German country
 Upward rise the fine oak-forests ;
 In the loftiest oak-stem 'mongst them
 Grows the handle for the war-axe.

“ Thou, my dear and faithful country,
 Wilt beget the hero also
 Who in time will crush the serpent
 Of my sorrows with his war-axe.”

9. LIFE'S JOURNEY.

WHAT laughter and singing ! The sun's rays
 crossing
 Each other gleam brightly ; the billows are toss-
 ing
 The joyous bark, and there I reclined
 With friends beloved and lightsome mind.

The bark was presently wreck'd and shatter'd,
 My friends were poor swimmers, and soon were
 scatter'd,
 And all were drown'd, in our fatherland ;
 I was thrown by the storm on the Seine's far
 strand.

Another ship I now ascerded,
 My journey by new companions attended ;
 By strange waves toss'ed and rock'd, I depart—
 How far my home ! how heavy my heart !

Once more arises that singing and laughter !
 The wind pipes loud, the planks crack soon
 after—

In heaven is quenched the last last star—
 How heavy my heart ! My home how far !

10. THE NEW JEWISH HOSPITAL AT HAMBURG.

A HOSPITAL for Jews who're sick and needy,
 For those unhappy threefold sons of sorrow,
 Afflicted by the three most dire misfortunes
 Of poverty, disease, and Judaism.

The worst by far of all the three the last is,
 That family misfortune, thousand years old,
 That plague which had its birth in Nile's far
 valley,
 The old Egyptian and unsound religion.

Incurable deep pain ! 'gainst which avail not
 Nor douche nor vapor-bath, the apparatus
 Of surgery, nor all the means of healing
 Which this house offers to its sickly inmates.

Will Time, eternal goddess, e'er extinguish
 This glowing ill, descending from the father
 Upon the son,—and will the grandson ever
 Be cured, and rational become and happy ?

I cannot tell ! Yet in the mean time let us
 Extol that heart which lovingly and wisely
 Sought to alleviate pain as far as may be,
 Into the wounds a timely balsam pouring.

Dear worthy man ! He here has built a refuge
 For sorrows which by the physician's science
 (Or else by death's !) are curable, providing
 Cushions, refreshing drinks, and food, and
 nurses.

A man of deeds, he did his very utmost,
 Devoted to good works his hard-earned savings
 In his life's evening, kindly and humanely,
 Recruiting from his toils by acts of mercy.

He gave with open hand—but gifts still richer,
 His tears, full often from his eyes were rolling,
 Tears fair and precious, which he wept deploring
 His brethren's great, incurable misfortune.

II. GEORGE HERWEGH.*

WHEN Germany first drank her fill,
 You then were her obedient vassal,
 Believing in each pipe-bowl still,
 And in its black-red-golden tassel.

But when the fond delirium ceased,
 Good friend, how great your consternation !
 The public seem'd a very beast,
 After its sweet intoxication !

Pelted by vile abusive swarms
 With rotten apples, in disorder,
 Under an escort of gendarmes
 You reach 'd at length the German border.

There you stood still. A tear you wiped
 Away, the well-known posts on spying
 Which like the zebra's back are striped,
 With heavy heart as follows sighing :—

* A well-known republican poet and writer, born at Stuttgart ; at one time caressed, and afterwards banished, by the King of Prussia. He took an active part in the political troubles of 1848.

^ Aranjuez, in lightsome mood
 Once stay'd I in thy halls so splendid,
 When I before King Philip stood,
 By all his proud grandees attended.

“ He gave me an approving smile
 When I the Marquis Posa acted ;
 My prose he could not relish, while
 My verses his applause attracted.” *

12. THE TENDENCY.

GERMAN bard ! extol our glorious
 German freedom, that thy lay
 May possess our souls, and fire us,
 And to mighty deeds inspire us,
 Like the Marseillaise notorious.

Be no more, like Werther, tender,
 Who for Lotte sigh'd all day ;
 Thou shouldst tell the people proudly
 What the bells proclaim so loudly,—
 Speak of dirks, swords, no surrender.

Gentle flutes no more resemble,
 Be not so idyllic, pray !
 Fire the mortars, beat to quarters,
 Crash, kill, thunder, make them tremble.

Crash, kill, thunder like a devil
 Till the last foe flies away ;
 To this cause devote thy singing,
 Thy poetic efforts bringing
 To the common public's level.

* See Schiller's Play of “ Don Carlos.”

13. THE CHILD.

THE good their gifts in dream enjoy,
 How did it fare with thee?
 Scarce feeling it, you've got a boy,
 Poor virgin Germany!

This boy an urchin frolicsome
 Ere long shall we behold
 A first-rate archer he'll become,
 As Cupid was of old.

He'll pierce the soaring eagle through;
 And, proudly though he fly,
 The double-headed eagle too,
 Struck by his bolt, shall die.

But that blind heathen god of love
 Will he resemble not
 In wearing neither clothes nor glove,
 Nor be a sans-culotte.

The seasons in our land combine
 With morals and police
 To make both old and young incline
 To wear their clothes in peace.

14. THE PROMISE.

YOU no more shall barefoot crawl so
 Through the dirt, poor German freedom!
 Stockings (as you find you need 'em)
 You shall have, and stout boots also.

As respects your head, upon it
 To protect your ears from freezin',
 In the chilly winter-season,
 You shall have a nice warm bonnet.

You shall have, too, savory messes—
 Grand the future that's before you !
 Let no Satyr, I implore you,
 Lure you onward to excesses !

Do not haste or fast and faster !
 Render, as becomes inferiors,
 Due respect to your superiors
 And the worthy burgomaster.

15. THE CHANGELING.

A CHILD with monstrous pumpkin head,
 Gray pigtail and mustache light red,
 With lanky arms and yet stupendous,
 No bowels, yet with maw tremendous,—
 A changeling which a Corporal
 Into our cradle had let fall
 On stealing from it our own baby—
 This monster, falsehood's child (or may be
 'Twas in reality the son
 Of his own favorite dog alone)—
 What need to say how much we spurn it ?
 For heaven's sake, drown it or else burn it !

16. THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.*

MY father was a dreadful bore,
 A good-for-nothing dandy ;
 But I'm a mighty Emperor,
 And love a bumper of brandy.

These glorious draughts all others surpass
 In this, their magical power ;
 As soon as I have drain'd my glass,
 All China bursts into flower.

* Evidently a satire on the King of Prussia.

The Middle Kingdom bursts into life,
 A blossoming meadow seeming ;
 A man I well-nigh become, and my wife
 Soon gives me signs of teeming.

On every side abundance reigns,
 The sick no longer need potions ;
 Confucius, Court-philosopher, gains
 Distinct and positive notions.

The rye bread the soldiers used to eat
 Of almond cakes is made now ;
 The very vagabonds in the street
 In silk and satin parade now.

The knightly Order of Mandarins,
 Those weak old invalids, daily
 Are gaining strength and filling their skins,
 And shaking their pigtails gaily.

The great pagoda, faith's symbol prized,
 Is ready for those who're believing ;
 The last of the Jews are here baptized,
 The Dragon's order receiving.

The noble Manchoos exclaim, when freed
 From the presence of revolution :
 " The bastinado is all that we need,
 We want no constitution ! "

The pupils of Æsculapius perhaps
 May tell me that drink's dissipation ;
 But I continue to drink my Schnapps,
 To benefit the nation.

And so in drinking I persevere ;
 It tastes like very manna !
 My people are happy, and drink their beer,
 And join in shouting Hosanna !

17. CHURCH-COUNSELLOR PROMETHEUS.

GOOD Sir Paulus,* noble robber,
 All the gods are on thee gazing
 With their brows in anger knitted,
 Furious at the theft amazing

Thou hast practised in Olympus—
 Sorry for it they will make thee !
 Fear the fate of poor Prometheus
 If Jove's bailiffs overtake thee !

Worse indeed his theft, because he
 Stole the light in heaven dwelling
 To enlighten us weak mortals—
Thou didst steal the works of Schelling,

Just the opposite of light—nay,
 Darkness we can feel and handle
 Like the old Egyptian darkness—
 Not one solitary candle !

18. TO THE WATCHMAN.

(On a recent occasion.)

IF heart and style remain still true,
 I'll not object, whatever you do.
 My friend, I never will mistake you,
 E'en though a Counsellor they make you.

They now are raising a terrible din
 Because you've been sworn as a Counsellor in ;
 From the Seine to the Elbe, regardless of reason,
 For months they've declaim'd thus against your
 sad treason :

* A famous theological writer, who died in 1850, at the age of ninety. He was formerly Counsellor of the Consistory (*Kirchenrath*) at Würzburg, and for many years Professor of Church History, etc., at Heidelberg.

His progress onward is changed of late
 To progress backward ; O, answer us straight—
 On Swabian crabs are you really riding ?
 Is't only court-ladies you now take pride in ?

Perchance you are tired, and long for rest ;
 All night on your horn you've been blowing
 your best,
 And now on a nail you quietly stow it ;
 No longer for Germany's hobby you'll blow it.

You lie down in bed, and straightway close
 Your eyes, but vainly you seek for repose ;
 Before the window the mockers salute us ;
 Awake, Liberator ! What ! sleeping, Brutus ?

Ah, bawlers like these can never know why
 The best of watchmen ceases to cry ;
 These young braggadocios cannot discover
 Why man his exertions at length gives over.

You ask me how matters are going on here ?
 No breeze is stirring, the atmosphere's clear ;
 The weathercocks all are perplex'd, not discerning
 The proper direction in which to be turning.

19. CONSOLING THOUGHTS.

WE sleep as Brutus slept of yore—
 And yet he awoke, and ventured to bore
 In Cæsar's bosom his chilly dagger !
 The Romans their tyrants loved to stagger.

No Romans are we, tobacco we smoke,
 Each nation its favorite taste can invoke ;
 Each nation its special merit possesses—
 The finest dumplings Swabia dresses.

But Germans are we, kindhearted and brave,
We sleep as soundly as though in the grave;
And when we awake, our thirst is excessive,
But not for the blood of tyrants oppressive.

'Tis our great pride to be as true
As heart of oak and linden too;
The land which oaks and lindens gives birth to
Can never produce a Brutus of worth too.

And e'en if amongst us a Brutus were found,
No Cæsar exists in the country round;
Despite all his search, he would find him never—
We make good gingerbread, however.

We've six-and-thirty masters and lords,
(Not one too many!) who wear their swords
And stars on their regal breasts to protect them;
The Ides of March can never affect them.

We call them Father, and Fatherland
We call the country they command
By right of descent, and love to call so—
We love sour-cROUT and sausages also.

And when our Father walks in the street
We take off our hats with reverence meet;
Our guileless Germany, injuring no man,
Is not a den of murderers Roman.

20. THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

THE world is topsy-turvy turn'd,
We walk feet-upwards in it;
The woodcocks shoot the sportsmen down,
A dozen in a minute.

The calves are seen to roast the cook,
 On men are riding the horses ;
 On freedom of teaching and laws of light
 The Catholic owl discourses.

The herring is a sans-culotte,
 The truth is told by Bettina,
 And puss-in-boots brings Sophocles
 On the stage, with learned demeanor.

An ape for German heroes has built
 A Pantheon, for glory zealous ;*
 And Massmann has lately been using a comb
 As German papers tell us.

The German bears, I grieve to say,
 Are atheists unbelieving,
 And in their place the parrots of France
 The Christian faith are receiving.

The Moniteur of Uckermark
 With equal frenzy seems smitten ;
 The dead have on the living there
 The vilest epitaph written.†

Then let us not swim against the stream,
 Good friends ! 'twould serve us but badly ;
 But let us ascend the Templehof hill,‡
 " Long life to the king ! " shouting gladly.

* A polite allusion to the late King of Bavaria and his Walhalla.

† This refers to a poem of Freiligrath's, entitled " The Dead to the Living," for which he was prosecuted, but acquitted, in 1848.

‡ A hill close to Berlin.

21. WAIT AWHILE !

BECAUSE my lightnings are so striking,
 You think that I can't thunder too !
 You're wrong, for I've a special liking
 For thunder, as I'll prove to you.

This will be seen with awful clearness
 When the right moment is at hand ;
 You'll hear my voice in startling nearness—
 The word of thunder and command.

The raging storm will surely shiver
 Full many an oak upon that day ;
 Each palace to its base shall quiver,
 And many a steeple proud give way.

22. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHEN, Germany, I think of thee
 At night, all slumber flies from me ;
 I cannot close mine eyes for yearning,
 And down my cheeks run tears all burning.

How swiftly speeds each rolling year !
 Since I have seen my mother dear
 Twelve years have pass'd away ; the longer
 I wait, my yearning grows the stronger.

My yearning's growing evermore ;
 That woman has bewitch'd me sore !
 Dear, dear old woman ! with what fervor
 I think of her ! may God preserve her !

The dear old thing in me delights,
 And in the letters that she writes
 I see how much her hand is shaking—
 Her mother's heart, how nearly breaking !

My mother's ever in my mind ;
 Twelve long long years are left behind,
 Twelve years have follow'd on each other
 Since to my heart I clasp'd my mother.

For ages Germany will stand ;
 Sound to the core is that dear land !
 Its oaks and lindens I shall ever
 Find just the same, they alter never.

For Germany I less should care
 If my dear mother were not there ;
 My fatherland will never perish
 But *she* may die, whom most I cherish.

Since I my native land saw last,
 Into the tomb have many pass'd
 Whom I so loved.—When of them thinking
 How sadly bleeds my spirit sinking !

I needs must count them—as I count
 My sorrows higher, higher mount ;
 I feel as though each corpse were lying
 Upon my breast—Thank God, they're flying !

Thank God ! for through the window-pane
 France's clear daylight breaks again ;
 My fair wife enters, sweetly smiling,
 And all my German cares beguiling !

NEW SPRING.

PROLOGUE.

SOMETIMES when o'er pictures turning,
 You have seen the man perchance,
 Who is for the battle yearning,
 Well equipp'd with shield and lance.

Yet young loves are hov'ring round him,
Stealing lance and sword away ;
They with flow'ry chains have bound him
Though he struggle in dismay.

I, too, in such charming fetters,
Bind myself with sad delight,
And I leave it to my betters
In time's mighty fight to fight.

I.

'NEATH the white tree sitting sadly,
Thou dost hear the far winds wailing,
See'st how the mute clouds o'er thee
Are their forms in mist fast veiling ;

See'st how all beneath seems perish'd,
Wood and plain, how shorn and dreary ;
Round thee winter, in thee winter,
Frozen is thy heart and weary.

Sudden downward fall upon thee
Flakes all white, and with vexation
Thou dost think the tree is show'ring
Snow-dust from that elevation.

Soon with joyful start thou findest
'Tis no snow-dust cold and freezing ;
Fragrant blossoms 'tis of spring-time
Cov'ring thee and fondly teasing.

What a shudd'ring-sweet enchantment !
Into May is winter turning,
Snow hath changed itself to blossoms,
And thy heart with love is yearning.

2.

IN the wood, the verdure's shooting,
 Joy-oppress'd, like some fair maiden ;
 Yet the sun laughs sweetly downward :
 " Welcome, young spring, rapture laden !"

Nightingale ! I hear thee also,
 Piping, blissful-sad and lonely,
 Sobbing tones and long-protracted,
 And thy song of love is only !

3.

THE beauteous eyes of the spring's fair night
 With comfort are downward gazing :
 If love hath made thee so small in our sight,
 Yet love hath the power of raising.

Sweet Philomel sits on the linden green,
 Her notes melodiously blending ;
 And as to my soul her song pierceth e'en,
 My soul once more is distending.

4.

WHICH flower I love, I cannot discover ;
 This grief doth impart.
 In every calyx I search like a lover,
 And seek a heart.

The flowers smell sweet in the sun's setting
 splendor,
 The nightingale sings.
 I seek for a heart that like my heart is tender,
 And like it springs.

The nightingale sings ; his sweet song, void of
 gladness,
 Comes home to my breast ;
 We're both so oppress'd and heavy with sadness,
 So sad and oppress'd.

5.

SWEET May hath come to love us,
 Flowers, trees, their blossoms don ;
 And through the blue heavens above us
 The rosy clouds move on.

The nightingales are singing
 On leafy perch aloft ;
 The snowy lambs are springing
 In clover green and soft.

I cannot be singing and springing,
 Ill in the grass I lie ;
 I hear a distant ringing,
 And dream of days gone by.

6.

SOFTLY through my spirit ring
 Blissful tones loved dearly ;
 Sound, thou little song of spring,
 Echoing far and clearly.

Sound, till thou the home com'st nigh
 Of the violet tender ;
 And when thou a rose dost spy,
 Say, my love I send her.

7.

WITH the rose the butterfly's deep in love,
 A thousand times hovering round ;

But round himself, all tender like gold,
The sun's sweet ray is hovering found.

With whom is the rose herself in love?
An answer I'd fain receive.

Is it the singing nightingale?
Is it the silent star of eve?

I know not with whom the rose is in love,
But every one love I:
The rose, the nightingale, sun's sweet ray,
The star of eve and butterfly.

8.

ALL the trees with joy are shouting,
All the birds are singing o'er us—
Tell me, who can be the leader
In this green and forest chorus?

Can it be the gray old plover,
Wise nods evermore renewing?
Or yon pedant, who is ever
In such measured time coo-coo-ing?

Can it be yon stork, the grave one,
His director's airs betraying,
And his long leg rattling loudly,
Whilst the music's round him playing?

No, the forest concert's leader
In my own heart hath his station,
All the while he's beating time there,—
Amor is his appellation.

9.

“THE nightingale appear'd the first,
And as her melody she sang,

The apple into blossom burst,
To life the grass and violets sprang.

“ She her own bosom then did bite,
Her red blood flow'd, and from the blood
A beauteous rose-tree came to light,
To whom she sings in loving mood.

“ That blood atones for, to this day,
Us birds within the forest here ;
Yet when the rose-song dies away,
Will all the wood too disappear.”

Thus to his youthful brood doth speak
The sparrow in his oaken nest ;
His mate pips, while she trims her beak,
And proudly sits and looks her best.

She is a homely wife and kind,
Broods well, and ne'er is seen to pout ;
The father makes his children find
Pastime in studying things devout.

IO.

THE warm and balmy spring-night's air
Hath waken'd every flower,
And take I not the greatest care,
My heart must succumb to love's power.

But which of all the flowery throng
Is likely most to snare me ?
The nightingales say, in their blissful song,
Of the lily I ought to beware me.

II.

I'm sore perplex'd, the bells are ringing,
And by my senses I feel forsaken :

The spring and two fair eyes together
 Against my heart an oath have taken.

The spring and two fair eyes together
 Lure on my heart to a new illusion ;
 Methinks the nightingales and roses
 Have much to do with all my confusion.

12.

AH ! I yearn for tears all-burning,
 Tears of love and gentle woe,
 And I tremble lest this yearning
 At the last should overflow.

Ah ! love's pangs, that sweetly languish,
 And love's bitter joy, so blest,
 Creep again, with heavenly anguish,
 Into my scarce healèd breast.

13.

THE eyes of spring, so azure,
 Are peeping from the ground ;
 They are the darling violets,
 That I in nosegays bound.

I pluck them, thinking deeply,
 And all the thoughts so dear,
 That in my heart are sighing,
 The nightingale sings clear.

Yes, all my thoughts she singeth
 And warbleth, echoing far ;
 So that my tender secrets
 Known to the whole wood are.

14.

WHEN thy dress doth gently touch me,
As thou pass'st before my face,
How my heart exults, how wildly
Follows it thy lovely trace !

Then thou turnest round and gazest
With thy large bright eyes on me,
And my heart doth feel so startled,
That it scarce can follow thee.

15.

THE slender water-lily
Peeps dreamingly out of the lake ;
The moon, oppress'd with love's sorrow,
Looks tenderly down for her sake.

With blushes she bends to the water
Once more her head so sweet—
Then sees she the poor pale fellow
Lying before her feet.

16.

IF thou hast good eyes, and look'st
In my songs, when thou hast tried them,
Thou wilt see a fair young maiden
Wandering up and down inside them.

If thou hast good ears as well,
Thou canst hear her voice quite clearly,
And her sighing, laughing, singing
Thy poor heart will madden nearly.

For she will, with look and word,
Thee, like me, make well-nigh crazy :
An enamor'd springtime-dreamer
Thou wilt tread the forest mazy.

17.

WHAT drives thee on, in the spring's clear night ?
 Thou hast driven the flowers all mad with fright,
 The violets tremble and shiver ;
 The roses are all with shame so red,
 The liles are death-pale, and hang their head,
 They mourn, and falter, and quiver.

O darling moon, what an innocent race
 Those sweet flowers are ! They are right in this
 case,
 I really have acted badly ;
 Yet how could I tell that in wait she would lie,
 When I was addressing the stars on high,
 With fierce love raving so madly ?

18.

THOU sweetly lookest on me
 With eyes so blue and meek ;
 My senses feel all-dreamy,
 And not a word can I speak.

I everywhere am thinking
 Of thy blue eyes' sweet smile ;
 A sea of blue thoughts is spreading
 Over my heart the while.

19.

ONCE again my heart is vanquish'd,
 And my rancor is subsiding ;
 Once again hath May breath'd on me
 Feelings tender and confiding.

Once more late and early haste I
 Through the walks the most frequented,

Under every bonnet seek I
 For my fair one's face lamented.

Once more at the verdant river
 On the bridge I take my station ;
 Peradventure she will come there,
 And will see my desolation.

In the waterfall's loud music
 Hear I once again soft sighing,
 And my gentle heart well knoweth
 What the white waves are replying.

Once again in mazy pathways
 I am lost in dreamy vision,
 And the birds in every thicket
 Hold the fond fool in derision.

20.

THE rose is fragrant—yet if she divineth
 Her own sweet fragrance, if the nightingale
 Herself feels what round man's soul softly
 twineth,
 When echoes her sweet song across the vale—

I cannot tell. Yet man is with vexation
 Oft fill'd by truth. If nightingale and rose
 The feeling only feign'd, the fabrication
 Would still be useful, we may well suppose.

21.

BECAUSE I love thee, be not scornful,
 If, flying, I avoid thy face ;
 How ill accords my visage mournful
 With thine, so fair and full of grace !

Because I love thee, every feature
 Grows pale and thinner day by day ;
 Thou'lt find me but a hideous creature—
 I'll shun thee—be not scornful, pray.

22.

I WANDER 'mid the flowers,
 And blossom with them too ;
 I wander as in vision,
 And at each step totter anew.

O hold me fast, my loved one,
 Or at thy feet I'll fall,
 With love intoxicated,
 In the garden, in presence of all !

23.

As the moon's fair image quaketh
 In the raging waves of ocean,
 Whilst she, in the vault of heaven,
 Moves with silent peaceful motion.

Thus, beloved one, thou art moving,
 Still and peaceful, and nought quaketh
 In my heart save thy dear image,
 While my own heart 'tis that shaketh.

24.

THE hearts of us two, my loved one,
 A Holy Alliance have made ;
 They well understood each other,
 When close together laid.

Alas ! the rose so youthful
 That decks thy gentle breast.

Our poor ally and associate,
To death was well-nigh press'd.

25.

TELL me who first taught clocks to chime,
Made minutes, hours, divisions of time?
It was a cold and sorrowful elf;
He sat in the winter-night, wrapp'd in himself,
And counted the mouse's squeakings mysterious,
And the wood-worm's regular tick so serious.

Tell me who first did kisses suggest?
It was a mouth all glowing and blest;
It kiss'd and it thought of nothing beside.
The fair month of May was then in its pride,
The flowers were all from the earth fast spring-
ing,
The sun was laughing, the birds were singing.

26.

How the pinks are breathing fragrance!
How the thronging stars so tender,
Golden bee like, sadly glimmer
'Mid the heaven's blue-violet splendor!

Through the gloom of yonder chestnuts
Gleams the manse, so white and stately,
And I hear the glass door rattling
While the dear voice thrills me greatly.

Sweet alarm and blissful tremor,
Soft embraces, terror-bringing—
And the youthful rose is list'ning,
And the nightingales are singing.

27.

HAVE I not the self-same vision
 Dreamt before of all these blisses ?
 Were there not these same elysian
 Looks of love, and flowers, and kisses ?

By the stream the moon was peeping
 Through the foliage of our bower ;
 Marble-gods still watch were keeping
 At the entrance in that hour.

Ah ! I know how soon is over
 Every sweet and blissful vision,
 How the snow's cold dress doth cover
 Heart and tree in sad derision.

How e'en we are fast congealing,
 Careless, and no love possessing,
 We, who're now so softly feeling,
 Heart to heart so softly pressing !

28.

KISSES that one steals in darkness,
 And in darkness then returns—
 How such kisses fire the spirit,
 If with honest love it burns !

Pensive, and with fond remembrance,
 Then the spirit loves to dwell
 Much on days that long have vanish'd,
 Much on future days as well.

Yet methinks that too much thinking
 Dang'rous is, if kiss we will ;—
 Weep, then, rather, darling spirit,
 For to weep is easier still.

29.

THERE was an aged monarch,
 His heart was sad, his head was gray ;
 This poor and aged monarch
 A young wife married one day.

There was a handsome page, too,
 Fair was his hair, and light his mien ;
 The silken train he carried
 Of the aforesaid young Queen.

Dost know the ancient ballad ?
 It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad !
 They both of them must perish,
 For too much affection they had.

30.

IN my remembrance blossom
 The images long forsaken—
 Within thy voice what is there
 By which so deeply I'm shaken ?

Say not that thou dost love me !
 I know that earth's fairest treasure,
 Sweet love and happy spring-time,
 'Twould shame beyond all measure.

Say not that thou dost love me !
 A silent kiss I'll bestow thee ;
 Then smile, when I to-morrow
 The withered roses show thee.

31.

LINDEN blossoms drunk with moonlight
 Fly about in fragrant showers,

And the nightingale's sweet music
Fills the air and leafy bowers.

“ Ah ! how sweet it is, my loved one,
'Neath these lindens to be sitting,
When the glimm'ring golden moonbeams
Through the fragrant leaves are fitting.

“ If thou lookest on the lime-leaf,
Thou a heart's form wilt discover ;
Therefore are the lindens ever
Chosen seats of each fond lover.

“ Yet thou smilest, as though buried
In far distant visions yearning—
Speak, beloved, all the wishes
That in thy dear heart are burning.”

Ah, my darling ! I will tell thee
Whence my thoughts proceed, and whither ;
Fain I'd see the chilly north-wind
Sudden bring white snowstorms hither,

So that we, with furs well cover'd,
And in gaudy sledges riding,
Cracking whips, with bells loud ringing,
Might o'er stream and plain be gliding.

32.

THROUGH the forest, in the moonlight,
I the elves saw riding proudly ;
And I heard their trumpets sounding,
And I hear their bells ring loudly.

Their white horses had upon them
Golden staghorns, whilst proceeding

Swiftly on—like flights of wild swans
Through the air the train was speeding.

Smilingly the queen bent tow'rds me,
Smiling, as the band rode by me ;
Is't a sign that new love's coming,
Or a sign that death is nigh me ?

33.

IN the morning send I violets,
Early in the wood discover'd,
And at evening bring I roses
Pluck'd while twilight's hour still hover'd.

Knowest thou the hidden language
By these lovely flowerets spoken ?
Truth by day-time, love at night-time—
'Tis of this that they're the token !

34.

THY letter, sent to prove me,
Inflicts no sense of wrong ;
No longer wilt thou love me—
Thy letter, though, is long.

Twelve sides, to tell thy views all !
A manuscript, in fact !
In giving a refusal
Far otherwise we act.

35.

CARE not, if my love I'm telling
Unto all the world around,
When my mouth, thy beauty praising,
Full of metaphor is found.

Underneath a wood of flowers
Lies, in shelter safe below,
All that deep and glowing secret,
All that deep and secret glow.

If suspicious sparks should issue
From the roses—fearless be!
This dull world in flames believes not,
But believes them poetry.

36.

DAY and night alike the spring-time
Makes with sounding life all-teeming;
Like a verdant echo can it
Enter even in my dreaming.

Then the birds sing yet more sweetly
Than before, and softer breezes
Fill the air, the violet's fragrance
With still wilder yearning pleases.

E'en the roses blossom redder,
And a child-like golden glory
Bear they, like the heads of angels
In the pictures of old story.

And myself I almost fancy
Some sweet nightingale, when singing
Of my love to those fair roses,
Wondrous songs my vision bringing—

Till I'm waken'd by the sunlight,
Or by that delicious bustle
Of the nightingales of spring-time
That before my window rustle.

37.

STARS with golden feet are wand'ring
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
Who in night's arms is asleep.

List'ning stand the silent forests,
Every leaf an ear doth seem !
How its shadowy arm the mountain
Stretcheth out, as though in dream.

What call'd yonder ? In my bosom
Rings the echo of the tone.
Was it my beloved one speaking,
Or the nightingale alone ?

38.

THE spring is solemn, mournful only
Are all its dreams, each flower appears
Weigh'd down by grief, the song all-lonely
Of Philomel wakes secret tears.

O smile thou not, my darling beauty,
O smile not, full of charming grace !
But weep, that it may be my duty
To kiss a tear from off thy face.

39.

ONCE more from that fond heart I'm driven
Which I so dearly love, so madly ;
Once more from that fond heart I'm driven—
Beside it would I linger gladly.

The chariot rolls, the bridge is quaking,
The stream beneath it flows so sadly ;

Once more the joys am I forsaking
Of that fond heart I love so madly.

In heav'n rush on the starry legions,
As though before my sorrow flying—
Sweet one, farewell ! in distant regions
My heart for thee will still be sighing

40.

My cherish'd wishes blossom,
And wither again at a breath,
And blossom again and wither,
And so on until death.

This know I, and it saddens
All love and joy, once so blest ;
My heart is so wise and witty,
And bleeds away in my breast.

41.

LIKE an old man's face confounded
Is the sky so broad and airy,
Red, one-eyed, and close surrounded
By the gray clouds' locks all hairy.

When upon the earth it gazes,
Flower and bud grow pale and sickly ;
Love and song in all their phases
Fade away from men's minds quickly.

42.

WITH sullen thoughts in chilly bosom cherish'd
I travel sullen through the world so cold :

The autumn's end hath come, a humid mist
doth hold
Deep veil'd from sight the country drear and
perish'd.

The winds are piping, hither, thither bending
The red-tinged leaves, that from the trees fall
fast,
The bare plain steams, the wood sighs 'neath
the blast,
The worst of all comes next—the rain's descend-
ing !

43.

LATE autumnal mists all-dripping
Spread o'er hill and valley fair ;
Storms the trees of leaves are stripping,
And they ghostly look, and bare.

But one single sad tree only
Silent and unstripp'd is seen ;
Moist with tears of woe, and lonely,
Shaketh he his head still green.

Ah ! this waste my heart displayeth,
And the tree, still full of life,
Summer-green, thy form portrayeth,
Much beloved and beauteous wife ?

44.

GRAY's the sky and every-day like,
And the town still looks afflicted ;
Ever weak and castaway like,
In the Elbe its form's depicted.

Long each nose is, and its blowing
 Tedious an affair as ever ;
All with pride are overflowing,
 Both at pomp and cringing clever.

Beauteous South ! O, how adore I
 All thy gods, thy sky's sweet blisses
Since these human dregs once more I
 See, and weather foul as this is !

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